DARE BOYS

After Benedict Arnold

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Floyd Lindquist

"I am here to help you handle these fellows."

The D.re Boys After Benedict Arnold

BY

STEPHEN ANGUS COX

Illustrations by RUDOLF MENCL

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THE DARE BOYS

Stephen Angus Cox, the author of the Dare Boys Series is specially equipped through long study and research to write upon the life and adventures of these two daring sons of the revolutionary period. Every item of historical reference is absolutely correct. The trials and inherent bravery of the sturdy warriors of this epoch are always subjects worth while, but here the dash and bravery of the two Dare boys adds immeasurably to the interest.

THE DARE BOYS OF 1776
THE DARE BOYS ON THE HUDSON
THE DARE BOYS IN TRENTON
THE DARE BOYS ON THE BRANDYWINE
THE DARE BOYS IN THE RED CITY
THE DARE BOYS AFTER BENEDICT ARNOLD
THE DARE BOYS IN VIRGINIA
THE DARE BOYS WITH GENERAL GREENE
THE DARE BOYS WITH LAFAYETTE
THE DARE BOYS AND THE "SWAMP FOX"

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THE DARE BOYS AFTER BENEDICT ARNOLD

CHAPTER I

The Flight of Arnold

ON the morning of September 25, of the year 1780, there was great excitement at the patriot headquarters in the Beverly Robinson house, on the east side of the Hudson River, opposite West Point.

And good reason therefore: Benedict Arnold, who had command at West Point, had been discovered to be a traitor, plotting his country's ruin, and had fled.

A man who said his name was John Anderson, but who later proved to be Major Andre, of the British army, had been captured by three patriot soldiers, near Tarrytown, and in his possession had been found documents which established beyond doubt the fact that Arnold had been in communication with him. Indeed, the plans

of West Point, and one or two other papers were in Arnold's handwriting.

It was plain that Arnold had sold himself to the British, was a traitor, and that it had been his intention to deliver up the patriot stronghold to the British, and all this for gold alone.

General Washington and some of the members of his staff hastened across the river to West Point, and it did not take the commander-in-chief long to see that matters had been arranged there so that it would have been an easy matter for the British to capture the stronghold; that is, if there had been a sudden attack, which had no doubt been intended.

The commander-in-chief quickly had the treacherous arrangements made by Arnold altered and corrected. Then they felt that it would be possible to hold the British in check, even if the attack were made.

General Washington and his staff then returned to headquarters across the river, and held a council of war. It had been learned that Arnold had had a boat take him down the river eighteen miles to the *Vulture,* a British warship — the same on which Major Andre had come up from New York, and which was still at anchor,

waiting for Andre's return — and the warship had weighed anchor and had sailed for New York with the traitor on board. Now, the question was, how was Arnold to be captured?

This was indeed a question. He was by now quite probably safe in New York City, and it would indeed be a difficult matter to get him away from there, as the city was in the hands of the British.

It was certain that any ordinary scheme would not suffice. A deep, strategic plan would have to be evolved, one that would be likely to deceive the British, and finally General Washington told of a plan, which properly executed, he thought might bring about the result desired. It was no more or less than this, that some bright young patriot should be selected who would pretend to desert, would in fact, desert, and go to New York. There he should join the British, and then would try to arrange some plan, in connection with other patriot soldiers, who would be in New York to assist him, for the capture of the traitor.

The members of the commander-in-chief's staff thought that this would be a good plan, but difficulties came when they began casting about

for somebody that would have combined within him the daring necessary, and at the same time be possessed of the caution and diplomacy needed in such a dangerous undertaking. Dozens of names were considered, and all were dismissed, the owners of the names, for one reason or another, not being considered as possessing the necessary qualifications.

Finally, almost despairingly, General Washington said: "What are we to do? It seems that it is almost impossible to find a man that is suited to the work that will have to be done."

There were a few moments of silence, and then one of the officers said, slowly and thoughtfully: "I have one other name to offer, your excellency. The only possible objection to the person I have in mind is his youth. But he has done a great deal of dangerous work for you, during the past year, and I believe that he has had sufficient experience so that he would be able to accomplish the task you wish undertaken, and do the work in an exceedingly acceptable and satisfactory manner."

The commander-in-chief looked at the speaker with an interested air, and said: "Tell me this person's name."

"It is — Dick Dare."

General Washington gave a start, and uttered a low exclamation, while his face lighted up.

"The very one for the task," he ejaculated. "Why did I not think of him, myself, I wonder. Yes, he will be able to do the work I want done, if anyone possibly can. And he is now of sufficient age, I should judge, possibly a little young; but as you say, he has had so much experience in spy-work during the time that he has been in the patriot army that he is a man indeed in knowledge of what to do. I would rather risk him than almost anyone that I could think of. Besides, he is over at West Point, now. I saw him when we were over there a few hours ago."

"Yes," was the reply. "Captain Morgan's company is there, and the Dare boys are members of that company."

"I believe," said Washington, "that with the aid of Dick Dare and his brother Tom, and their young comrade, Ben Foster, who have so often acted as messengers when Dick was doing spy-work, we can capture Arnold and get him back up here. We will try it, at any rate." Then he turned to his aide-de-camp and said: "Major Hamilton, send a boat across and have Dick Dare

brought over here to headquarters at once."

"Yes, your excellency," was the reply, and Hamilton left the house to execute the command.

An hour later Dick Dare was ushered into the room in which sat General Washington and the members of his staff.

A bright, manly-looking young fellow was Dick Dare. He was scarcely more than a youth, but he had during the past years proven many times that he was capable of doing a man's work, and doing it better than the majority of men, for he had done more successful spy-work on the British than any man spy in the patriot army.

He saluted on entering, and said quietly and calmly, though there was an eager light in his eyes: "You sent for me, your excellency."

"Yes, Dick," was the reply. "Sit down, and I will tell you what is wanted."

Dick took the seat indicated, and then General Washington said: "You of course know of the fact that General Arnold has proven himself a traitor and has fled to New York, to the British, to whom he sold himself for gold."

"Yes, your excellency," said Dick, bowing.

"Just so. And, Dick, it is our desire to effect the capture of this traitor and get him back up

here, so that we may punish him for his dastardly conduct. We have thought of a plan which might succeed, and to make this plan a success, we need the services of a bright, brave and capable young man. We have thought of you, as possessing the necessary qualifications, and so sent for you."

Dick's face flushed slightly, at the compliment, and his eyes shone eagerly, as he said: "I shall be glad to do anything I can to assist in the capture of the traitor, your excellency."

"I was sure of that," was the reply. And then the commander-in-chief explained that in order to deceive Arnold, it was necessary that the person who went down to New York to manage the attempt to capture the traitor, should pretend to desert from the patriot army — that he should desert, in fact, and to make sure that the fact that it was only pretense should not leak out and reach the ears of the British, only the commander-in-chief and the members of his staff, and Dick and his brother Tom, and Ben Foster should know that it was not a bona fide desertion.

"There will be danger in this, for you, Dick," said General Washington. "Danger not only,

from the British, after you get there, but from our own soldiers, who will think you a real deserter and will be sent in pursuit. You are not afraid to do what we wish, however, I am sure."

"No, sir," was the reply. "I am not afraid, and will be glad to do what you wish. I am in the army to work to the very best advantage for the independence of our country and the freedom of our people from the rule of the British, and if I can do good work in the way you have mentioned, then that is what I shall be glad to do."

"Very well, it is settled, then. You will desert to-night. You had better take one of the horses and ride to New York, for you will be pursued, and will need to reach your destination speedily."

"Very well, your excellency."

"You will inform your brother Tom, and Ben Foster, privately, of what you are going to do, but must not hint a word of your intentions to any other living soul. I shall use the two young men in question, to act as your assistants, and will send them down to the city later on, to be on hand if you need them, and to bring me any messages that you may wish to send me."

"Very well, sir."

Then the commander-in-chief and the members of his staff talked to Dick quite a while, outlining their ideas and plans for the capture of Arnold, and the youth finally took his leave, his blood tingling with the importance of the work he was to do.

He was soon back at West Point, and he got Tom and Ben to one side, as soon as possible, and told them what the commander-in-chief wanted him to do. The two were greatly excited, and thought that it was a good plan, though a daring one.

"I guess you can make a success of it, though, if anybody can, Dick," said Ben Foster, confidently.

"I shall do my best, anyhow, Ben," was the reply. "I hate to leave with the patriot soldiers thinking me a deserter, of course, but they will find out, later on, that I was not really a deserter, so it will be all right."

"True," said Tom. "I wouldn't mind that, for you know you are not a deserter and traitor, but a strong patriot doing dangerous work for the Great Cause, and as you say, our comrades and the soldiers in general will learn later on that you are not a traitor."

"I'm glad that Tom and I are to help you, Dick, after you get located down in the city," said Ben.

Then Dick, after cautioning his two comrades not to hint anything that he had said to them, to any of their comrades, began quietly getting ready for the work that lay before him. He had made up his mind to leave that night, and when he had completed all his arrangements, he awaited with great eagerness, the coming of the time to make the start though he was careful not to show by his looks or actions that he had anything unusual on hand.

Dick delayed till about half-past ten o'clock, and then with a whispered good-bye and a squeeze of the hand for Tom and Ben, he slipped out of the quarters occupied by Captain Morgan's company, made his way to the barn where the officer's horses were kept, bridled and saddled one, led him out, and down the slope. Then he mounted and rode away, slowly at first, but presently at a swifter pace.

On he rode, and as he thought of the work that he was engaged upon, and how important it was to General Washington, he was imbued with a feeling of enthusiasm, and made up his

mind that he would succeed, or do his very best, at any rate.

Steadily he rode on till early morning then he stopped half an hour at a roadside tavern. He found the landlord just in the act of taking down the shutters from the windows. After a bit he had breakfast for himself and feed for his steed. Then he gave his horse a good rubbing down, discharged his account, mounted and rode onward.

He felt that he was safe from pursuit, if pursuit had indeed been made, and he rode at a more moderate pace, but on reaching the top of a hill, a couple of hours later, he stopped and half-turning in his saddle, looked back. And as he did so, an exclamation escaped his lips.

"They're after me!" he exclaimed. "They are pursuing me, after all!"

Not much more than half a mile distant, coming down the side of a slope, were at least a dozen horsemen, wearing the Continental blue. They were evidently patriot troopers, and they were just as evidently in pursuit of Dick.

"Yes, they're after me," murmured Dick, "but they shall not capture me, if I can help it."

Then he set his teeth and urged his horse down the hill at a gallop.

CHAPTER II

A Daring Ride

IT was something new for Dick Dare to be chased by patriot soldiers. He had often been pursued by British soldiers, and by Tories, but this was the first time that he had been pursued by patriot soldiers, and it was a rather queer experience. But Dick comforted himself with the reflection that he was working for the Great Cause, and under the direction of General Washington.

It would not do to let himself be captured, however, for that would spoil the plans of the commander-in-chief. In order to make the plan effective, the semblance of genuine desertion must be preserved, and this could only be done by fleeing onward and making his escape, in spite of any attempts that might be made to capture him. He would even risk being shot at, for he

was determined to do his part in making the plan a success.

On he dashed, and as the country was hilly, being along the shore of the Hudson, he was frequently at the top of a hill or ridge, and here he usually glanced back. Nearly every time he caught sight of the patriot troopers coming swiftly on in pursuit.

After an hour or so of this, Dick was forced to the conclusion that his pursuers were slowly, but surely gaining on him. He could see that his horse was tiring fast and in another half or three-quarters of an hour the troopers were within a quarter of a mile of him.

What should he do? It looked as if he were to be captured, after all.

Dick urged his horse onward as swiftly as possible, but the animal was clearly done up. But he could not widen the distance between himself and his pursuers.

In fact, they kept creeping up on him, slowly, true, but surely, and he felt that if he were to escape capture, he must try some other way than by his present method of flight. But what should he do? What could he do?

Presently he came to the top of a hill, looked

back and saw the patriot troopers coming up the slope, not more than two hundred yards distant, and then as he glanced over toward the river, an exclamation escaped his lips.

"A British warship!" he cried. "Perhaps I can reach it!"

This seemed to be his only chance of escape, and urging his horse down the hill for a last final effort, Dick turned him aside from the main road, and made his way through the woods toward the bank of the river. The patriot soldiers saw him, and yelled loudly for him to stop. They had likely seen the British warship, the same as Dick had done, and guessed his intention.

"Stop!" Dick heard one of his pursuers cry. "Stop, and surrender. You cannot escape."

But Dick had no idea of stopping. He had heard that command, from the lips of redcoats, many times, and he had never stopped under such circumstances, and he would not now, when he heard the command from one of the soldiers of the patriot army. Of course he could turn back and explain in some way that a mistake had been made. But that meant to abandon his mission. No thought of this entered his mind.

On he rode, and a few minutes later was at the

shore. The troopers were now not more than one hundred yards distant, and the foremost were urging their horses at the top of their speed.

Dick gave one quick glance around, and then leaped to the ground.

"Stop!" came to his hearing. "You can't escape."

Without an instant's hesitation, however, Dick leaped into the water, and fully dressed began swimming with strong strokes, out toward the warship, which was standing motionless near the center of the stream.

"You fool!" Dick heard the trooper's voice say. "You'll drown or be shot."

But Dick was not afraid of drowning. He was a splendid swimmer, and knew that he could gain the ship, even with all his clothing on, but what he feared was that the troopers would open fire on him, and that some one of the bullets might hit him. So he swam as swiftly as possible, in order to put as great a distance between himself and the shore as might be, before the soldiers got there.

He was out from the shore nearly a hundred feet, when the soldiers leaped from their horses and lined up along the bank, pistols in hand.

"Take aim, men," he heard the sergeant who was in command of the troopers say.

"They're going to fire!" thought Dick. He turned his head, looked back, and saw that the troopers were drawing their pistols, and were evidently intending to fire at him.

Dick wondered if he could avoid the bullets by diving, and he made up his mind to attempt it, at any rate, so the instant he heard the voice of the sergeant say, "Fire!" he dived beneath the surface, and as he did so he heard the muffled reports of the pistols.

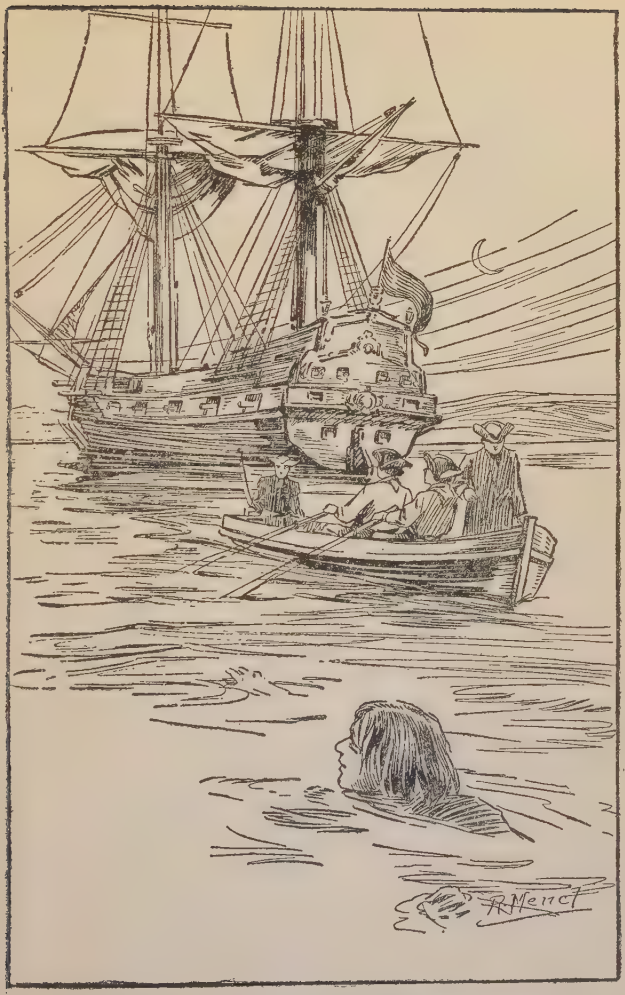
He was not hit by any of the bullets, so he guessed that by diving he had succeeded in frustrating their attempt to make an end of him.

He came up quickly, and drawing a long breath, looked back. The troopers were watching eagerly, to see if he would come to the surface, and they caught sight of him at once. Cries escaped their lips.

"We didn't hit him!" cried one.

"We'll try again," said the sergeant. "Quick, men, with your other pistol."

The troopers drew their other pistol — each having two in his belt — leveled the weapons, and took quick aim. At the command from the ser-



A boat was now coming toward him.

geant they again fired. The officer had been careful to give the command to fire in a low voice, this time, so the intended victim could not hear and know when to dive, but Dick was now so far from the shore that only two or three bullets reached his distance and they did not strike him. A few more strokes, and he was out of range, he felt certain.

"Come back!" yelled the sergeant. "You will be drowned."

Dick, of course, paid no attention to the command, but kept on swimming toward the ship, and a glance in that direction showed him that a boat had been lowered and was now coming toward him as fast as the sailors could force it through the water.

Seeing this, and knowing he would quickly be picked up, Dick slackened his speed, and did not exert himself. He was out of range of the pistols of the troopers and could take it easy.

Presently the boat was close upon him, and was brought to beside him, he was then lifted in by strong hands. He was panting for breath and as soon as he could speak the boatswain asked him who he was and what was the trouble.

"I am a deserter from the rebel army," said

Dick, with apparent frankness. "They were trying to capture me and take me back."

"A deserter, eh?" said the boatswain, eyeing Dick searchingly.

"Yes, sir," and Dick met the gaze unflinchingly. He felt that he was working for the good of the Cause.

"Why did you desert?"

"Oh, I came to the conclusion that I would rather have the king reign," was the reply. "I don't believe the rebels will ever succeed in winning their independence."

"I guess you're right about that. What's your name?"

"Dick Dare."

"All right, Dick Dare. We'll take you aboard the Albatross, and see what the captain says."

"I want to go down to New York," said Dick, "and join the British army."

"We're going to New York, to-day."

"I'm glad of that."

They were soon aboard the ship, and Dick was conducted to the cabin, where the captain sat at his desk, looking at some papers. He eyed Dick with interest when the youth was ushered into his presence by the boatswain.

"This is the fellow that we picked up, sir," said the boatswain, saluting.

"Ah, yes," looking Dick over keenly. "What's your name, young man?"

"Dick Dare, sir."

"You are a rebel soldier?"

"I was, sir."

"'Was,' eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That I have deserted from the rebel army."

A look of pleasure crossed the face of the captain. "So you are a deserter, eh?" he remarked. "Why did you desert?"

"Well, I have come to the conclusion, sir, that the rebels can't succeed in this war, and have made up my mind to be satisfied with a king. So I deserted."

"What do you wish to do, now?"

"I would like to join the British army."

"A good idea," nodding. "You will have a good chance now, for the chances are that Arnold, who deserted from the rebel army yesterday, may get up a regiment from loyalist recruits, and you could join his command."

"That would suit me first rate, sir," said Dick.

"All right. I'll take you to New York, turn you over to General Clinton, reporting the circumstances of your arrival aboard the *Albatross,* and I have no doubt you will be given an opportunity to join the British army."

"That is what I would like, sir."

"Very well." Then the captain instructed the boatswain to see that the youth had dry clothing, and dismissed him.

Dick was given a suit of dry clothes, and then went on deck and began making himself as much at home as possible. He walked about, talking to the soldiers and sailors, and he answered all the questions that were asked him promptly and with apparent frankness, so that there was nothing to cause them to doubt the genuineness of his desertion from the patriot army. The pursuit by the patriot troopers, too, and the fact that they had fired two volleys at him when he was swimming toward the ship, was to their minds proof that the youth was a genuine deserter.

A little later the ship was got under way, and set out down the river, and about the middle of the afternoon it dropped anchor at New York.

The captain at once went ashore, taking Dick with him, and then they made their way to head-

quarters, where Dick was ushered into the presence of Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief of the British army in America.

Dick had some little acquaintance with General Howe, the former commander-in-chief, who had resigned and returned to England, but this was the first time he had met Sir Henry Clinton, so his face was new to the British officer.

He had heard of Dick Dare, however, evidently, for after gazing keenly and searchingly at him for a few moments, he said:

"I have heard of you, Dick Dare, as being one of the most dangerous spies in the rebel army, working frequently under the direct orders of General Washington. How, then, does it happen that you have had such a change of heart? Why have you deserted?"

Dick told him the same story he had told the captain of the *Albatross,* and finished by reminding General Clinton that Benedict Arnold had occupied a higher position in the esteem of Washington than he had, and Arnold had turned about and had deserted.

"True," was the reply. "Well, I am glad to welcome any and all rebels who may desert from the rebel army. General Arnold will be given

a command in our army, and will recruit it from loyalists and those of the rebels, who, like yourself, may follow his example and desert from the rebel army, and likely he will take you into his command. I will give you a note to him, and you can go and see him at once."

"Thank you, sir," said Dick. "That will please me very much indeed."

General Clinton wrote a brief note which he gave to Dick, and then sent him with an orderly to the quarters then occupied by Arnold. And Dick, feeling that General Washington's plan for the capture of Arnold had worked very well, so far, made his way to the traitor's quarters, feeling very well satisfied with his progress.

"And I'll manage to get Arnold back up to West Point and into General Washington's hands, too, if such a thing is possible," was his grim determination.

CHAPTER III

A Skeptical Pair

DICK soon was in the presence of General Arnold, who recognized him at once, and looked at him wonderingly.

"You here, Dick Dare!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, General Arnold," was the reply.

"How does that happen?" It was evident that the traitor did not understand the matter.

"I have deserted, sir, the same as you did," said Dick, meeting the man's gaze unflinchingly.

"What, you a deserter?" there was surprise and doubt in the tones.

"Yes, sir."

"But, I would not have believed that you would desert, Dick."

The youth smiled. "Nor would I have believed that you would, before you did so, General Arnold."

Arnold's face clouded, and he looked moodily at the floor for a few moments. "You are right," he said. And then he went on, eagerly: "Was there much said, Dick? How did the officers and soldiers take the knowledge of my — desertion?"

"They were surprised, sir."

"So I would suppose. And General Washington, how did he act?"

"He seemed very much grieved, sir."

Again the cloud crossed the traitor's face. "Yes, I suppose so," he said. "I had no fault to find with Washington, Dick. He is a noble man, and always treated me fairly, but others did not do so." He was silent a few moments, and then Dick handed him a note from General Clinton. He read it, and then looked at Dick.

"So you wish to join the British army, my boy?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. In a few days I shall take command of a force, here, and will recruit its ranks from among the loyalists who may desire to enter the army, and with those who, like yourself, may desert from the patriot army. Do you think many will do so? What is the tenor of

the feeling occasioned among the soldiers by my going away?"

"I think it has set them thinking, sir," was the reply. This was true. It had set them thinking revenge against the arch-traitor, but Dick let Arnold think he meant that they were thinking of desertion.

"And do you think that many of them will get out and come over to the king's side?"

"It is possible, sir."

"What made you do so, Dick?" Arnold eyed the youth keenly.

"Well, sir, I have been told that the people of America cannot triumph, and that it will be better to have a king, and so I deserted and came here. Your action in doing what you did had a good deal of influence, I may say, sir. Likely if you had not deserted, I would not have done so." This was the truth also, but in a different sense from the way Arnold understood it.

The traitor nodded. "Well, I hope that many will desert and come here," he said. "I will give them a place in my command."

They talked a while longer, and then Arnold told Dick that he could have a room in the building he was in, and that in a few days he would

be enrolled as a member of the British army.

"Until then, you can take it easy, and do as you like," he said in conclusion.

Dick thanked him, and a little later was assigned to a room by the officer who attended to this work. As soon as he was in his room, Dick sat down and began doing some thinking. He was here in New York, was believed to be a bona fide deserter from the patriot army, was in the same building with the traitor he had come here to try to capture, and he felt that, so far, the plan originated by General Washington had been quite successful.

There were no servants in the house and no meals were provided, indeed at this date only the lower floor rooms were fully occupied. Arnold had a fine room upon the second floor front and he was the only occupant till Dick arrived. How fortunate this might work out. At least it was suggestive of possibilities. Dick's room was at the rear of the building, and an investigation secured information that pleased him greatly. The building was in ordinary times an academy of learning, now disused because of the war and its attended uncertainties. It was used as a place of resort for the over-

flow of the Taverns and Inns of the city.

Dick looked out of the window, and saw that there was a garden back of the building, the garden having a high fence around it, and reaching almost to the bank of the Hudson River. He began figuring at once, and decided that it might be possible to make a prisoner of Arnold, take him across the garden, through the fence, put him into a boat and carry him away in this fashion.

Of course it would be very difficult to manage an affair of this kind, but Dick Dare was not the youth to be daunted by difficulties. He had done much dangerous and seemingly impossible work when spying on the British and was not daunted by obstacles.

Then Dick took a look about his room, and in a closet at one side he made a find that proved most useful. It was a rope about twenty feet long. This was an invaluable addition to his equipment, and Dick was well pleased. With its aid he could climb down into the garden at any time, and could return to his room in the same manner. This would enable him to come and go as he pleased, and he could make such arrangements as he wished for the attempt to

attain his object, the capture of General Arnold.

After a while he left his room and the building, by way of the front entrance, and strolled down the street. He made his way to Broadway, and walked up that thoroughfare to the Common, which was as far north as the city extended at that time. Then turning, he went back down Broadway, on the other side of the street.

When he was about halfway down to Bowling Green he suddenly came face to face with Zeke Boggs, a Tory youth of about his own age, who lived a neighbor to the Dares, over in New Jersey, about three miles east of Philadelphia. Zeke and Dick were enemies, Zeke's father having been the leader of a gang of Tories that had called Mr. Dare, Dick's father out at night, made a prisoner of him, and handed him over to the British, who still held him as a prisoner of war. Dick had then seriously wounded Zeke's father when he and the Tories made an attack on the Dare home, and so it was only natural that the youths should be enemies.

An exclamation escaped the lips of Zeke when he saw Dick. "You here, Dick Dare?" he cried. "Ye'll be captured, ye blamed rebel spy!"

"I guess not, Zeke," Dick replied, smiling. "I'm not a rebel spy."

"Ye ain't?" Zeke looked skeptical.

"No. I'm not even a rebel soldier."

"Eh?" Evidently Zeke did not know what to think.

"I have quit the rebel army, Zeke," explained Dick.

"Ye've — quit — it?" stammered the youth.

"Yes. I decided, Zeke, that the rebels could not win their independence, and that I would get under cover before it was too late, so I followed the example of General Arnold, and deserted."

"Deserted!" Zeke stared wonderingly at the speaker, and then slowly shook his head. He remembered how strongly patriotic Dick Dare had always been, and he could hardly credit the statement that the youth had deserted from the patriotic army.

"Don't you believe me, Zeke?" asked Dick.

"It's hard to believe, Dick," was the reply.

"But it's true, just the same. I have only been in the city a couple of hours, but have had an interview with General Clinton, and also with General Arnold, and in a few days I shall become a member of the command that is to be as-

signed to Arnold, and will then be a fellow soldier with you, Zeke, in the British army."

That youth was evidently amazed, and stood with mouth open, gazing wonderingly at the speaker. "Thet beats anything I've heard of in a long while," he finally said.

They talked a few minutes longer, but Zeke was so evidently puzzled and had so little to say, that Dick presently said he would go on down the street, and did so, leaving Zeke standing staring after him, with mouth agape. And it was not until Dick disappeared from his sight in the crowd, that he moved, and then with a muttered, "Dick Dare a deserter? Well, what d'ye think of that, anyhow?" He then hastened his steps and went to his quarters, where he found his comrade and chum, another Tory youth, also a neighbor of the Dares, Lem Hicks, to whom he related the wonderful story.

Lem was no less amazed than was the case with Zeke, and he hardly knew what to say. At last, however, he exclaimed: "Zeke, I don't believe thet Dick Dare would desert from the rebel army. I'll bet there's some trick about it."

Zeke nodded. "I kinder think thet way, myself, Lem," he admitted.

"Say, Zeke!" There was suppressed excitement in Lem's voice.

"Well?"

"Maybe we can prove that he ain't a deserter, and that he is here on a spying expedition."

"Maybe so. We can keep watch on him, and if we ketch him doing any spying, we can report him."

"Yes, and that's what we'll do, hey?"

"Yes, that's what I say for us to do."

"All right. He can't fool me, Dick Dare can't. I have known him too long, and I've heard him talk about the British enough so that I don't believe he'd ever leave the rebel army and join our army."

"Well, he claims that is what he has done."

"Maybe he's telling the truth, and maybe he is not."

"We'll try to find out whether or not he's telling the truth."

Then they began laying their plans, and as Dick had told Zeke where he was staying, they left their quarters, made their way around to the building in question, and pausing on the opposite side of the street, took a look at the building.

They had been there only a little while when Zeke exclaimed: "There comes Dick, now!"

Sure enough, Dick Dare was coming up the street. He was on the same side that the two were on, and kept on till opposite the building, before crossing the street, and so came upon Zeke and Lem.

"Ah, Zeke," he said, smiling. "Here you are, eh? And Lem, too. How are you, Lem?"

"I'm all right," was the sullen reply. "Zeke says as how you have deserted from the rebel army, Dick."

"Yes, so I have."

"And that you are going to join the British army."

"That is the truth also."

"Humph," grunted Lem, eyeing Dick searchingly and with evident suspicion. "That seems kinder funny, to me."

"Perhaps so," was the quiet reply. "But you see me here, and if you happen to run across the captain of the British warship, *Albatross,* and ask him, he will tell you that I was picked up by one of his boats, out in the Hudson River, where I had been driven by some rebel troopers, who fired two volleys at me with their pistols.

They wouldn't have chased me and fired upon me if I were not a deserter, would they?"

Zeke and Lem looked puzzled, but seemed not to be wholly convinced. There was a skeptical look on their faces.

"That would look like you had told the truth," admitted Zeke, grudgingly.

"Yes," said Dick. "It is the truth. Well, good-bye, for the present," and with a wave of the hand, Dick crossed the street and entered the building, while Zeke and Lem, still looking puzzled and skeptical, made their way down the street, conversing earnestly. That Dick was the subject of their conversation could be easily guessed.

CHAPTER IV

Dick Shadowed

AFTER going to his room, that night, Dick fastened the rope to the bed-post, threw the loose end out of the window, then slid down the rope, to the ground, and proceeded to make a tour of the garden. He examined the pickets carefully, and found two or three down by the river that were not fastened on very tightly. He felt that it would be easy to pull them off and make an opening whenever he wished to do so.

He thought a while, then pulled one picket loose and squeezing through, made his way down to the river. He looked around there a little while. There was a small cove there, which would be a good place for a boat to make a landing.

Then he made his way back to the opening,

squeezed through, put the picket back in place, and returned to the spot where his rope was hanging. He climbed this and got back into his room. Then he drew the rope up, untied it from the bed-post and put it in its place in the closet.

His mind at ease, he went to bed, and slept soundly till morning.

Next day he had an interview with Arnold again, that worthy having thought of some questions he wished to ask, and Dick answered in a way that pleased the traitor.

Dick managed to ascertain, that day, which room was the one occupied by Arnold at night, and was pleased to learn that it was on the same floor as his sleeping chamber, but at the front, instead of at the rear.

"That may simplify matters when we go to make him a prisoner and get him away from here," was the youth's thought.

Dick put in that day walking about the city, and he met Zeke and Lem again, and talked to them a while. It was evident, from their actions, that they were still skeptical regarding Dick having deserted. They did not say so outright, however, for they had a wholesome respect

for the youth, and did not want to get him angry at them.

When Dick had parted from them, however, and was going on down the street, they told each other what they thought about Dick, and his story of having deserted from the patriot army, and they followed him, at a distance, and kept watch on him, hoping to catch him doing some spy-work, when they would report him to headquarters.

Dick merely strolled around, however, openly and quietly. He did not have the appearance of trying to do any spying, and the two youths were foiled. They were disappointed, as well, but clung to their belief that Dick Dare was as much a patriot as ever, and that he was there for some purpose that would, if successful, be for the benefit and to the interests of the patriot army.

That night, after going to his room, Dick again descended to the garden, by means of the rope, and made his way out, through the opening where the picket was loose, and descending to the river, he remained there quite a while, in the hope that he might see Tom and Ben put in an appearance.

Presently he strolled up along the shore, moving slowly and keeping a sharp lookout toward the river, and he had gone two or three blocks, when suddenly he heard the sound of a musket-shot, followed by yelling, and he hastened in the direction from which came the noise.

"I wonder if it's the boys, and they have gotten into trouble?" was his mental query. He ran at the top of his speed, and presently saw a little group of men coming down a street, from the direction of Broadway.

Dick advanced and met the party of men, and found that there were a couple of British soldiers, who had been acting as sentinels along the shore, and five or six citizens.

"What was the trouble?" asked Dick. "I heard a shot, and yelling, and came up to see what was going on."

"A couple of rebels slipped into the city," was the reply from one of the soldiers.

"Is that so?" said Dick. "How do you know they were rebels?"

"Because of their actions. They slipped across the sentry line, and when I caught sight of them and challenged them, they ran at the top of their speed. I fired a shot, and yelled,

and myself and comrade and these men, pursued the two, but they managed to get away. They ran like deer."

"Which way did they go?" asked Dick. "Up the street you just came down?"

"Yes. We followed to Broadway, and could see nothing of them in the crowd, and so came back."

"Did you see what kind of looking fellows they were?"

"No, it was too dark for that."

Dick then said good-night, and went up the street toward Broadway. He was pretty certain that the two were Tom and Ben, and he wished to find them, if possible.

Dick walked up Broadway to the Common, and then down to Bowling Green and back upon the other side of the street. He kept a sharp lookout, hoping to see his comrades, but he did not catch sight of them. He decided that they had probably taken to the side-streets, where they would not be so likely to be seen and recognized by any of the redcoats who might know them.

Suddenly Dick felt a hand on his shoulder, and a voice said in his ear: "I thought you

went to your room quite sometime ago, Dick."

With a start, Dick turned, and saw General Arnold standing beside him. The youth was startled, and somewhat disconcerted also, for he had parted from Arnold an hour and a half ago, at least, stating that he was going to his room, and here he had been discovered down on the street, when he had been supposed to be in bed, sound asleep.

"I did go to my room, sir," said Dick, recovering quickly. "But I wasn't sleepy, and it was so hot and close there, that I came out to get a breath of fresh air."

"That is why I came out, also, Dick," said Arnold. "But I guess I will go in, now. Are you going?"

Dick hesitated. He wished to pursue the search for Tom and Ben, and so he decided to risk arousing the suspicion of Arnold, and said: "No, sir, I think I'll stay out here a while."

"Very well," was the reply. "Good-night."

"Good-night," replied Dick, and then Arnold entered the building in which he had his headquarters, and Dick moved on up the street.

Zeke Boggs and Lem Hicks were on the street, that evening, and they saw Arnold and Dick

talking, and when Arnold had entered the building and Dick moved on up the street, they followed the youth.

"What's he snooping around at this time of the night for, if he ain't up to something or other?" said Zeke.

"I'll bet he is tryin' to do spy-work right now," said Lem.

"Let's keep after him."

"All right."

They did keep after Dick, staying far enough behind so that he did not discover them. While the youth stayed on Broadway, this was easy of accomplishment, because of the crowds, but when Dick took to walking up and down the cross-streets, where there were very few pedestrians, it was more difficult. The two could keep their eyes on Dick, and be a block away from him, however, and that was the way they managed it, and in this manner they kept the youth from learning that he was being followed.

They kept after Dick till he had walked back and forth, up one street and down another, on all the streets between the Common and Bowling Green, and the longer they followed the youth, the more they pondered his actions, and the more

convinced they grew that he was still a patriot. That he was still engaged in spy-work, they felt certain, though what he could expect to learn, or gain by what he had been doing they could not guess. Had they known that a couple of patriots had slipped through the line of sentinels an hour or two before, however, likely they would have guessed that Dick was hunting for the persons in question. But Zeke and Lem had not heard of this, and so Dick's actions were a mystery to them.

Still, they felt pretty well satisfied, for they reasoned that his actions were suspicious, for a fellow who had lately been an ardent patriot, and who claimed to now be a loyalist and desirous of joining the British army.

"Looks to me like he's up to some trick or other," said Zeke, when they had finally watched Dick enter the building where he had his room. Dick had decided that he had better enter at the front, as Arnold might be awake, and suspect something, if he did not enter that way.

"Yes, he's doing some kind of work that he thinks will be for the good of the rebel army, I'll bet," said Lem.

Then they went to their quarters, where

they held a discussion regarding whether they should report to headquarters what they had seen, or wait till they had seen Dick Dare actually engaged in spy-work. They decided to wait, as they had not seen Dick do anything that looked suspicious, other than to walk up and down the streets as if looking for somebody. Had he met somebody and talked to them, it would have been a different matter.

Dick, as soon as he entered his room, took the usual precautions, pulled up the rope and placed it in the closet, then, went to bed.

Next morning he set out to hunt for Tom and Ben, who were, he was confident, in the city. Whether or not they would be on the streets in the daytime he could not say, but he would look for them anyhow.

Zeke and Lem were on the streets, and they presently got sight of Dick, and started to follow him, as they had done the evening before. Dick happened to discover this, however, and he suspected that they were following him. He at once began testing the matter. He went first in one direction, then in another, turning up one street and down another, and all the time the two youths kept after him.

Feeling confident, now, that they were following and spying on him, Dick led the way to a lonely spot where they would not be likely to be disturbed, and pausing just around the corner, waited for the two to put in an appearance, which they did very quickly, but paused and uttered exclamations of dismay when they saw Dick standing there, facing them and regarding them grimly and threateningly.

"How are you, Zeke and Lem?" said Dick, calmly, but with a hard note to his voice.

"How are you, Dick?" was the reply, in somewhat faltering tones.

Dick took a step toward them. "Why are you following me?" he asked, sternly.

"We — ain't — following you," stammered Zeke.

"Uv — course — not," from Lem, backing up the other's false statement.

"You are lying, and you know it," said Dick. "You have been following me an hour at least, for I saw you, and have been going first one direction, then another, just on purpose to see if you would keep after me. You did, and that proves that you have been following me, and I want to know what you mean by it?"

The two youths exchanged glances, and it was evident that they were very ill at ease.

"Speak up," said Dick. "Explain your actions. And be quick about it."

"We — ain't — following you, Dick," said Zeke. "We were on our way down to the river, and you just happened to be ahead of us, and —"

"That'll do," interrupted Dick. "Now, I want to tell you boys something: If I catch you following me again, I'll give you the worst thrashing that you have had in all your life. Do you hear?"

The two nodded sullenly. They had had previous and regrettable experience and knew too well what this promise meant.

"All right, then. Now go — and don't let me catch you at it again!" Dick pointed in the direction the two had come from, and they turned and started, but at that moment around the corner came — Tom Dare and Ben Foster, and at the sight of them, Zeke and Lem cried, excitedly:

"I knew it! You've been looking for Tom and Ben, Dick Dare, that's what you have been doing."

"And you're a rebel, just the same as ever!"

Dick was amazed by the sudden appearance of Tom and Ben, and somewhat disconcerted as well, but he instantly recovered, and cried in response to the remarks of Zeke and Lem:

"You lie, you fellows. I'm a loyal king's man, the same as you are, but I'm going to give one of you a thrashing just the same, and Tom or Ben will take care of the other. Take one of them Tom. Ben, you look out for fair play."

Then Dick grappled with Zeke Boggs, while Tom attacked Lem Hicks, and the next moment a lively fight was in progress.

CHAPTER V

A Surprise for Dick

IT did not take Zeke and Lem long to get all they wanted. They broke away and took to their heels, disappearing around the corner very quickly.

Dick stepped to the corner and looked after them, and saw that they were continuing on toward Broadway. Then he turned around, shook hands with Tom and Ben, and said, quickly:

"I don't think we had better stay together, boys. Zeke and Lem will report your presence here, and the British soldiers will likely be on the lookout for you."

"Likely you're right, Dick," said Tom. "But, what shall we do? Is there any news?"

"I am staying in the same building that Arnold

has for his headquarters and you boys can get into my room from the rear, to-night. Look yonder. Do you see that fence that reaches nearly to the river?" It was the fence around the garden at the rear of the building Dick had his quarters in.

"Yes," the boys said.

"All right," said Dick. "Be at that fence as soon after dark as possible. I'll be there, and will let you in, and we will then go up to my room. There we can perfect our plans at our leisure."

He glanced around the corner again, but saw nothing of Zeke and Lem. He did not doubt that they would tell the first British soldiers they saw about Tom and Ben, however, and again turning to the boys, he said:

"You had better go, at once. Get somewhere, where you will not be likely to be discovered, if a search is made for you, and then soon after dark come to that garden-fence. I'll be there."

"All right," responded Ben. "Come, Tom, I think I know just the place for us."

"Be careful, boys, and don't get captured," cautioned Dick.

"We'll be careful," said Tom.

Then he and Ben hastened away, going northward, and Dick went up the street toward Broadway, following in the steps of Zeke and Lem. He did this purposely, as if the two youths returned very soon with other soldiers, he wished to meet them, and delay them as much as possible, so as to give Tom and Ben plenty of time to find a safe hiding-place.

Dick had nearly reached Broadway, when suddenly a party of British soldiers turned down the street, from that thoroughfare. Sure enough, at their head, were Zeke and Lem, and all were hurrying.

"There they come!" murmured Dick, "and their intentions are quite evident. They are going to try to capture Tom and Ben. Well, I'll delay them all I possibly can."

As the party drew nearer, Zeke suddenly uttered an exclamation, and pointed toward Dick, saying something to the other soldiers, and when they came up to Dick, who paused as they drew near, a couple of the soldiers sprang forward and seized hold of him.

"Let go," said Dick, calmly. "What do you mean by seizing me in this manner?"

"You are Dick Dare, the rebel spy," said one.

"Of course he is," affirmed Lem.

"I'm not a rebel now," said Dick. "I deserted from the rebel army, and am going to join the British army. Let go of me."

"That's what he's pretending," put in Zeke. "But he's a rebel, just the same as ever. We caught him talking to Tom Dare and Ben Foster, and they're rebels, all right."

"That part is true," said Dick. "My brother Tom, and a friend, Ben Foster, are in the city, and they are still rebels; I may be able to persuade them to join the British; I was talking to them a few minutes ago. Anyway, I am a loyalist, and have a room in the building occupied by General Arnold, I intend to join his command as soon as one is given to him by General Clinton."

The soldiers that had hold of Dick looked a bit dubious, and seemed to hardly know what to do or think. Seeing this, Dick said: "Let me go, men. I have told you the facts, and if you doubt it, you can go with me down to the building in question, and ask General Arnold. He will tell you that I am telling you the truth."

"That appears all right," said one of the sol-

diers, whom the others seemed to look up to as their leader.

"Don't you let him go," ordered Zeke. "The place to take him is to jail. He's a rebel."

"I can prove what I say to be true," continued Dick, addressing the soldiers, and ignoring Zeke. "Come on down to the building with me."

"While we're standing here talking, Tom Dare and Ben Foster are getting away," growled Lem Hicks. "You two soldiers go with Dick, if you want to, and the rest of us will try to find Tom and Ben."

"If you hadn't interfered, Zeke and Lem," said Dick, "I might have persuaded Tom and Ben to desert from the rebel army and join the British army, the same as I have done."

"Bosh, I don't believe it," said Zeke.

"Neither do I," from Lem.

Then the party of soldiers, headed by Zeke and Lem, hastened on down the street, and the two that had seized Dick accompanied him in the direction of the building where he had his room. They believed what he said, to the effect that he was now a loyalist, and let go of him, walking by his side, and when they reached the building and entered, and presently found General

Arnold, who corroborated Dick's statements, they apologized and withdrew.

"Thank you, sir," said Dick, to Arnold.

"That is all right, Dick," said the traitor. "I suppose that after you have been here a while, and have donned the British uniform, they will realize that you really are a loyal subject of our king."

"I suppose so, sir." Then, after a few more words, Dick again went out upon the street. He was afraid that Tom and Ben might be captured, and wished to know the outcome, in case this proved to be the fact.

He walked up Broadway to the Common, and then back down to Bowling Green again, but did not see any signs of the party of soldiers that had gone in search of Tom and Ben.

Nor did he see anything of Zeke and Lem. Dick hoped that his comrades had succeeded in making their escape, and that they were in hiding somewhere, and would be at the appointed place, the garden-fence, soon after dark.

The day was a long one to Dick. He thought it would never end, but at last it grew dark, and he made his way to his room, ostensibly to go to bed, but on reaching the chamber, he locked

the door, got out the rope and tied an end to the bed-post. This accomplished, he threw the length out of the window, climbed out, and slid down to the ground.

He made his way across the garden, to the fence at the farther side, and removing the loose picket, he looked out. He did not see anything of Tom and Ben, however, but did not feel worried, as he thought likely they would soon put in an appearance.

He began walking about the garden, slowly, to pass the time away, and half an hour passed, at least, without the appearance of Tom and Ben.

Still Dick was not particularly worried, for he supposed the boys would be along soon, and again he walked about the garden, and waited. At the end of another half-hour he went to the opening and looked out, but the boys were nowhere to be seen.

Dick then climbed through the opening, and walked to the corner of the garden and stood there, looking and listening, but could not see or hear anything of the boys.

Now he began to feel somewhat worried. What could detain them? Could it be possible

that they had been captured? He began to fear that such was the case.

How should he act in this emergency? There seemed to be nothing that he could do, at that time. After thinking a while, he decided to wait a while longer, and did so, then the boys not putting in an appearance, he made up his mind that they had been captured and would not appear.

Dick re-entered the garden, fastened the picket in place, made his way to the rear of the building, climbed up the rope and into his room. Then he drew up the rope, untied it and placed it in the closet, after which he made his way out of the building, as silently as possible, and hastened to the jail where he knew a number of patriot prisoners were kept.

Dick approached the door of the jail, and stood there, hesitating. Then after thinking a few moments, he knocked on the casement, and presently a little wicket was opened and a man's face appeared.

"What's wanted?" the man asked.

"I wish to ask you a few questions," said Dick.

"Who are you?" gruffly.

"My name is Dick Dare, and I —"

"Dick Dare, eh?"

"Yes, and I wished to ask you if a couple of young fellows were brought in here, prisoners, any time to-day?"

The man did not reply at once, but presently he said: "Yes, a couple of young fellows were brought here to-day."

"What were their names?" eagerly.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Didn't they give their names?"

"I guess so, but not to me. And I didn't ask what their names were."

"It's Tom and Ben, I feel certain," thought Dick. But he wished to make sure about it, and so he said: "Would you let me see them, sir?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," was the reply. "I'll open the door."

"I wish you would and thank you very much."

The wicket closed, and Dick heard a key in the lock. Then presently the door swung open, and the man standing within the building said: "Come in."

Dick entered the gloomy passageway. The man closed and locked the door and as he shuffled away called: "This way, young fellow."

He led the way along the passage, and Dick kept at his heels. Then he ascended a flight of stairs at the farther end of the hall, and another hall was traversed, the man stopping at the door of the farthest cell, he unlocking the door, pulled it open, and said to Dick: "In there."

Dick stepped through into the room beyond. The next moment the strong iron door clanged shut, and he heard the key turn in the lock.

He uttered an exclamation of amazement and anger. Then he knocked on the door and cried, loudly: "Open the door. What do you mean by locking me in, in this manner?"

"You're Dick Dare, a rebel spy, and I've made you a prisoner, that's all," was the disquieting reply.

"You are mistaken," replied Dick. "I'm not a rebel spy, but a loyal subject of the king. Let me out."

"Can't do it," was the reply. "It's against orders."

"Whose orders?"

"General Clinton's?"

"General Clinton's?" exclaimed Dick, skeptically.

"Yes."

"But he wouldn't order me to be made a prisoner. He knows I'm a loyalist."

"I know that he did order you to be made a prisoner," was the amazing reply. "And I've got you, and am going to keep you."

"There's a mistake, somewhere," said Dick.

"No mistake about it." Then Dick heard the jailer go tramping down the corridor. He called after him, but might as well have saved his breath so far as any result was obtained. The jailer gave no further heed to his prisoner.

CHAPTER VI

Tom and Ben in Trouble

TOM and Ben had managed to reach a room in an obscure tavern, after they parted from Dick following the encounter with Zeke and Lem, and they remained inside the rest of the day, for they did not want to take chances of being captured. They knew of course that Zeke and Lem would report their presence in the city, that a close watch would be kept for them by all soldiers, and that likely a search would be made for them.

They did not much fear being discovered, at their room in the tavern, however, and so they took it as easy as was possible, that is for two youths who were never satisfied except when stirring around.

After supper, that evening, they waited till it

was dark, and then they left the tavern and set out in the direction of the rendezvous where they were to meet Dick.

They had to cross Broadway, and as they were doing so, as the perversity of fate would have it, whom should they encounter but the very personages in all the city, they most wished to avoid. They were recognized instantly and an alarm promptly given.

"Here are the two rebels, Tom Dare and Ben Foster!" yelled Zeke, excitedly. "Catch them, somebody." They had a wholesome respect for the boys' powers and were not seeking a personal encounter.

"Don't let them get away!" cried Lem.

Both pointed at Tom and Ben, and a number of British soldiers, who happened to be at hand, at once ran toward the youths.

But Tom and Ben were determined not to be captured, and they quickly turned and hastened back down the street in the direction from which they had just come.

After them ran Zeke and Lem and half a dozen British soldiers. A few citizens, yelling loudly for them to stop, joined in the chase.

"Stop, or we'll fire!" yelled one of the sol-

diers, when he saw the fugitives seemed to have no intention of stopping.

Tom and Ben made no reply, but continued to run at the top of their speed.

The soldier did not put his threat into execution at once, but the crowd kept on in pursuit, and occasionally there were one or two additions to it.

Tom and Ben were fleet of foot, however, and their wind was good, so they easily held their own. Presently it was evident that they were slowly drawing away from their pursuers.

They turned corner after corner, and hoped to in this manner finally throw their pursuers off the track altogether.

This was a difficult matter, however, and still on came the redcoats, yelling at the top of their voices.

Then suddenly, about the middle of a block pretty well over toward the East River, the boys found themselves confronted by four British soldiers who had just emerged from a drinking place. These redcoats saw the other British soldiers coming in pursuit of the two fugitives, heard their yells, and then put themselves in the way of the fugitives. One cried out:

"Stop! You can't get past us."

"We've got you!" from another.

"No, you haven't," retorted Tom. And then he said to his companion: "Plunge right through them, Ben. They're so under the influence of liquor they can't handle us."

"All right," was the reply.

Then they dashed right at the four redcoats, who were evidently considerably surprised, for they had doubtless thought the fugitives would stop and surrender, at their command.

The next moment, but only for an instant, Tom and Ben and the four soldiers were mixed up together, in a squirming mass. Had the redcoats been sober, they would undoubtedly have captured the youths, but they were very nearly drunk, and the result was that Tom and Ben, after a brief struggle, came forth victors. At any rate they were free, and they dashed onward down the street, leaving two of the soldiers lying on the ground and the other two were gasping for breath, from blows in the pit of the stomach.

The pursuing party of redcoats and Tory citizens had almost reached the scene by the time the fugitives got away from the four redcoats, and they again hastened onward in pursuit, more

eager than ever to capture the two, who were proving themselves fighters as well as runners.

"Keep after them!" roared one of the redcoats. "We'll catch the young rebels, yet."

"Yes, don't let them get away," panted Zeke.

"They're rebel spies!" puffed Lem.

"Oh, we'll catch them, all right," said one of the redcoats.

And the chase continued as persistently as before.

Tom and Ben had lost considerable ground, in the encounter with the four redcoats, but now they settled down to win it back again, and the way they got over the ground was a caution. They ran like the wind. They had never run as fast before, they were sure, but they were determined that they would not be captured.

Presently they came out upon the wharf fronting on the East River, and there they turned sharply to the right and went toward the lower end of the island. On they dashed, and after them came the pursuers, who seemed to be more confident, now, that they would capture the fugitives, as they were out in the open, where there did not seem to be any place to hide.

But Tom and Ben were not at the end of their

resources, by any means, for when they came to the lower end of the island, where is now South Ferry, they caught sight of a boat tied to a post, and Tom exclaimed, eagerly:

"Let's take to the boat, Ben!"

"All right," was the reply.

"Jump in, Ben. I'll cut the rope."

Ben leaped into the boat and seized the oars. He placed them in the rowlocks, and by that time Tom had cut the rope and was in the boat also, having pushed it off as he climbed in.

The pursuers were now almost at hand, and were yelling lustily for the fugitives to stop, and not to try to get away.

"Row hard, Ben!" cried Tom.

Ben made no reply, but bent to the oars, and forced the boat out upon the waters of the bay at a pretty lively pace. They were perhaps a hundred feet from the shore when the redcoats and Tories reached the edge of the wharf and were forced to halt.

"Fire on them!" yelled one of the redcoats, and he drew a pistol and fired quickly into the darkness ahead. The others followed suit, guided by the noise of the oars in the locks.

Crack, crack, crack!

The boys heard one bullet at least whistle past them, and one thudded against the boat, but fortunately neither was hit.

"Pull, Ben!" cried Tom. "They may fire again!"

Ben kept on rowing with all his might, in spite of the fact that a shower of bullets was expected, nor did Tom bend over to try to shield his body. He would take his chances along with Ben.

Again the pistols rang out sharply on the night air.

Crack, crack, crack!

This time more of the bullets reached the boat, which was considerably over fifty-yards from the shore, and moving rapidly.

"Hurrah!" whispered Tom. "We're all right, Ben! We'll be out of range before they can fire another volley."

"I'm glad of that," said Ben.

"Let me row awhile, old fellow," said Tom. "You must be tired, aren't you?"

"No. I can row quite a while yet."

"Lucky it is such a dark night," exclaimed Tom, and indeed their chance of escape would have been a hopeless one were it not for this very fact. Ben was busily employed at the oars,

too busily in fact to give voice to his thoughts.

Tom then turned and looked back at the shore. There were a few street-lights along the water-front, and by the faint glimmer from these lamps the redcoats and Tories could be seen on the shore, and suddenly Tom saw them running along the edge of the wharf.

"They're looking for a boat," he said. "If they find one they'll continue the chase, I suppose."

"Well, we've got the start of them, Tom."

Tom kept his eyes on the enemy on shore, and presently uttered an exclamation: "They've found a boat!"

"Then they'll be after us in a hurry."

"Yes. They're piling into the boat, now."

A few moments later Tom went on: "Now they're starting."

"How big a boat is it, Tom?"

"Two or three times as big as this one."

"How many rowers?" asked Ben, eagerly.

"Hard to say from the distance, looks like four or five."

"Well, the big boat, with seven or eight people in it, will be harder to force through the water than this one."

"So it will. I wish we had another pair of oars."

"Yes, then we could run away from them easily."

"I think we can get away from them anyway. Let me row a while, old man, then neither of us will get over tired.

"All right. We'll take short turns at the oars, and row as hard as we can while at it. In that way we will be able to keep the boat moving swiftly."

Tom took his place at the oars and rowed a strong powerful stroke, and the boat was forced through the water at a good speed. The pursuing boat, however, was coming rather swiftly also judging from the noise of the oarlocks, and after a while, Ben said:

"I believe they're gaining, Tom."

"Think so?"

"Yes."

"Well, we'll give them as good a race as we can."

"So we will. Say, yonder is land, almost straight ahead of us. I guess it's Staten Island. Let's try to reach there before they overtake us."

"All right. Do you think we can do it?"

"I believe we can."

"Keep your ear on the redcoats and see if you can determine how fast they gain on us."

Ben did as suggested, and Tom worked like a Trojan. Presently Ben said: "They're gaining pretty fast."

"What are the prospects? Do you still think we can reach the shore ahead of them?"

"I think so. Let me at the oars again, Tom. I'm rested now, and will be able to make the boat move a bit faster than it is going now."

"All right," and the change was quickly made.

Ben bent to the oars, and the boat went forward at a faster pace, while Tom kept track of their pursuers.

"Are they still gaining?" asked Ben, presently.

"Yes."

"Well, we'll beat them to the shore, or know the reason why," said Ben.

But the pursuing boat drew nearer and nearer, until by the time the Staten Island shore was within a quarter of a mile, the redcoats were up to within less than one hundred yards.

"Will we make it?" asked Ben, straining every nerve at the oars.

"I guess so," was the reply.

"Hey, there, you rebels, stop, I tell you!" came in the voice of one of the redcoats. "You can't get away, and might as well give in now."

"We'll show you!" muttered Ben, and he put all his strength and vigor into the work of rowing.

"You might as well save your breath," called out Tom. "We are not going to stop, and you haven't got us, by any means."

"If you don't stop, we'll open fire on you!" came in an angry voice. Evidently the temper of the speaker had not been improved by the chase the youths had led himself and comrades.

"You have wasted a lot of bullets already," retorted Tom. "You can't hit us from that distance."

"Fire a volley, men!" Tom heard the redcoat order, and a few moments later there sounded the crack of the pistols, and bullets zipped around, one actually hitting the boat.

"Never touched us," called out Tom, and angry exclamations came from the pursuers.

"Give them another volley!" cried the voice. "And take careful aim."

This, however, was a difficult thing to do, in a

rocking boat, and the result of the next volley was no better than the other. The patriot youths were not hit, besides it gave the boys a little advantage, and widened the distance between pursuer and pursued.

The British boat was within eighty yards, now, and the shore was only about one hundred yards distant. Ben worked hard, and presently as the bow of the boat grated on the sand, they instantly leaped ashore, while yet the pursuing boat was seventy-five yards distant, at least. The redcoats, noting that the youths were ashore, yelled again for them to stop, but the boys darted in among the bushes and disappeared from the sight of their enemies. They feared another volley from the pistols, and at such close range they might have been hit.

The redcoats had not been able to get their pistols reloaded, however, and so they could not fire.

But they beached their boat a few moments later, and leaping ashore, dashed in among the bushes and started in pursuit of the fugitives.

Tom and Ben heard them, and ran as fast as their legs would carry them.

"They're still after us, Tom," said Ben.

"Yes, but they can't catch us, old fellow. We can beat them running, in here among the trees and bushes, and will soon find a good place to hide."

On they ran with all their might, and after them came the pursuing redcoats.

CHAPTER VII

Dick Gets News

TO say that Dick Dare was not pleased with his situation in the jail is stating the matter mildly. He felt that he had been tricked, trapped and taken advantage of, but he could not understand why.

"What reason had the jailer to play that trick, anyway?" mused Dick. "I don't understand it. Possibly, however, he has heard of me as being a patriot spy, and has not heard that I have deserted and come over to the British. In that case, if I could get a word with him again, I could perhaps convince him that he has made a mistake, and get him to let me out of this miserable place."

With this idea in mind, Dick began pounding on the door, and listening, but for some time he

did not hear any sound to indicate that he had made himself heard. He kept at it, however, and finally, after about half an hour, he heard steps in the hallway. He made renewed efforts to attract attention, then awaited the coming of the person, whom he hoped would prove to be the jailer.

And his hopes were realized, for there came a thump on the door, and the voice of the jailer cried:

"Hello, in there. What's the matter?"

"I want to get out."

"Oh, you do, eh?" There was sarcasm in the tone.

"Yes, I do."

"I don't doubt it. Is that all you wanted to say?"

"No, it isn't."

"Well, then, go ahead with what you wish to say, and quickly, for I am not going to stand here long, waiting for you."

"You have made a mistake, sir, in locking me up," said Dick.

"Oh, of course!" The tone was sarcastic.

"But, you have, indeed," insisted Dick. "You think I am a rebel, don't you?"

"I am sure of it. I've heard of you, Dick Dare."

"Heard of me as being a patriot spy, I suppose, and, that I used to be, but am not a rebel spy now."

"Oh, aren't you?" There was skepticism in the voice.

"No, I am not. I can prove to you that I am a loyal king's man."

"Since when?"

"Since yesterday. I came down here, and have joined the British army. I deserted from the patriot army."

"I don't believe you."

"I am telling you what can be shown as true. General Arnold will tell you the same, and confirm my statements. I wish you would send word to him that you have Dick Dare a prisoner, and he will then tell you to set me free."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it."

"I don't believe you," after a few moments. "You wouldn't desert from the rebel army."

"How about General Arnold? You wouldn't have thought that he would desert, either, would you?"

There was another brief period of silence, and then the jailer said:

"No, you're right about that."

"And I am not deceiving you about myself. I deserted from the patriot army, am now a loyal subject to the king, and expect to become a member of General Arnold's command in a few days. I came here to enquire about those two young fellows whom you have in jail here, one of them is my brother."

"There are no young fellows in the jail," was the reply. "I just told you that to get you in here."

"Ah, is that so?" exclaimed Dick. He was glad to hear this, as it would signify that Tom and Ben were still at large.

"Yes. You are the only young man in here."

"Well, will you kindly take a message, or send one to General Arnold for me? He will at once send word to set me free."

"Of course, if you are now a loyal subject of the king, I wouldn't want to keep you in here. I'll send word down to the General, and will let you know what he says, as soon as I hear from him."

"Very well, sir, and thank you. He will order my release."

Then the jailer's footsteps were heard by Dick as he moved down the hall.

"So the boys have not been captured, after all!" murmured Dick. "That is good news. I have learned that much, anyhow."

Dick wondered where the boys were, and why they had not put in an appearance at the garden-fence, as they had said they would do. After sizing the matter up carefully, he came to the conclusion that they had gotten into trouble with the British, and that while they possibly had not been captured, yet they had been delayed and had been unable to get to the appointed place on time.

"They may be there now, wondering where I am and why I am not there, as I said I would be," murmured Dick. "I wish that jailer would hurry and let me out of here."

Dick was impatient, but could only await the pleasure of the jail official, and it seemed like hours before he again heard that worthy's footsteps, though it had been scarcely more than an hour.

The steps stopped at the door, there was the rattle of the key in the lock, and then the door swung open, and the jailer said:

"You may come out, Dick Dare. General Arnold verified your statements, and you can now go."

"Thank you," said Dick. "I shall be glad to get out of here, I am sure."

He followed the jailer to the downstairs door which the jailer opened and with a good-night, the youth stepped forth and set out along the street.

As soon as he heard the door clang shut, he hastened his steps, and turning down a side-street, ran where there were no persons to see him. He was eager to reach the rendezvous, and see if the boys were there.

He was not long in reaching the garden-fence, but Tom and Ben were nowhere to be seen.

Dick stood there, and pondered. Where were his comrades? Why had they not put in an appearance? Had they been captured, after all? But, if so, why had they not been taken to the jail?

It was a puzzling question, and the youth could not answer it. He made his way around to the street on which the building fronted that he had his room in, and entering, made his way upstairs. In the hall he encountered General

Arnold, who greeted the youth cordially, and said:

"The jailer set you free, I see."

"Yes, General Arnold, thanks to you. He thought that I was still a rebel, and so locked me up."

"He had not heard that you had deserted and become a loyal subject of the king."

"No, sir, and I had much difficulty getting him to give my case reconsideration, he was so positive he was in the right."

"I understand that you went there to make inquiries regarding your brother Tom and a comrade, Ben Foster."

"Yes, sir, I knew that they were in the city, and I thought that they had been captured."

"But they have not been, I understand."

"No, sir, I believe not."

"Well, they likely will be, if they stay in the city. You had better warn them to leave at once, Dick, if you get into communication with them. I tell you this as a friend, for I know you would not want them to be made prisoners as they surely would be if captured."

"True, sir. I thought that perhaps I might make an effort to get them to become loyal sub-

jects of the king and join your command, the same as I have done, and that is the reason I wished to see them."

"Possibly you might prevail upon them to do that. If they refuse, however, advise them to leave the city, for they will certainly be captured if they stay here, particularly now that their presence is known."

"I'll do my best to prevail upon them to desert and join the British army, General Arnold, but if they won't do that, I'll tell them to go back to West Point."

"That will certainly be best, Dick."

Then the general went into his apartment, and Dick went back to his room, after locking the door and making sure that he was alone, he went to the window and looked out. He could not see any signs of Tom and Ben by the garden-fence, however.

"I guess they have not come yet," was his thought.

He got out his rope, tied the end to the bed-post, threw the main portion out of the window, climbed out and down, and went to the garden-fence. There he stayed nearly an hour, but as the boys did not put in an appearance, he finally

returned to his room. He was nervous and anxious, however, and as he did not feel at all like sleeping, he went out the front way, and down onto the street. Slowly he walked up Broadway, hoping to be able to learn something regarding his comrades.

He addressed a soldier, who was aimlessly looking into a store window, and asked him if he had heard of any rebels being captured that evening. He replied that he had not, but that he had heard a comrade say something about a chase having been made after a couple of rebels, two or three hours before.

"My comrade said that the two rebels took to a boat, and rowed across in the direction of Staten Island," the soldier went on. "A number of our men got into another boat and gave chase, and that is all I know about it. Likely they haven't got back yet."

Here was definite news, indeed, and thanking the redcoat, Dick hastened down toward the lower end of the city. He did not doubt in view of the circumstances with which he was familiar, that the two "rebels" in question were Tom and Ben. And they had taken to a boat and had been chased out upon the bay. This would

make it difficult for them to escape, Dick thought, for the redcoats would probably chase the youths to Staten Island, and they would then perhaps be unable to get to the mainland, as they would have to abandon their boat.

"Oh, well, I'll just have to wait and hope that they succeed in escaping," thought Dick. "I'll go down to the water-front and wait a while. Possibly I may see the redcoats when they come back."

Dick soon reached the lower wharf, at the foot of the city, and he gazed out across the bay, but naturally could see nothing of interest.

He walked slowly about, keeping a sharp look-out across the water, and perhaps an hour later he saw a boat approaching. He was at the water's edge when it made a landing.

It was not a very large boat, and there were only two persons in it, and these, Dick saw, when they came within the range of the light from the nearest street-lamp, were Zeke Boggs and Lem Hicks.

"Where have you two fellows been?" asked Dick, as they clambered up onto the wharf.

"Hello, it's Dick Dare," growled Zeke in recognition of his implacable enemy.

"None of your business where we've been," responded Lem.

"Were you in the party that chased Tom and Ben?" asked Dick, sternly. "Speak up, now, and no fooling."

"And if we were, what of it?" asked Zeke.

"Why, I want to know if the boys were captured," said Dick.

"They wasn't, at least when we come away," admitted Lem.

"They got ashore and took to the woods," said Zeke. "Me'n Lem followed a little ways, and then decided thet we'd come back."

"And you don't know whether the boys got away or not?"

"No."

"I don't see how they could git away," said Lem. "They're on an island, and we've got the boat they went over there in."

The two then set out up the street in the direction of their quarters. They were not seeking a personal encounter, and distrusting Dick as they did, they made no offer to further assist him. Dick stood looking thoughtfully across toward Staten Island for a few minutes, after which he stepped down into the boat just deserted by the

two Tories, untied the rope, took up the oars, and was soon rowing in the direction of Staten Island in a leisurely manner.

Dick, later, was bending to the oars, enjoying the exercise and getting all the speed out of the boat possible. He was not looking behind him, consequently he did not see the dark hull of a vessel that suddenly loomed up, nor did he suspect that he was in danger, till he felt a shock, heard a crashing sound, and was dumped unceremoniously into the bay.

As he struck the water, he saw the bow of the vessel almost above him, and realized that the boat had been run down by a ship that was evidently headed for the mouth of the Hudson River.

CHAPTER VIII

A Lively Chase

WE must again take up the fortune of Tom and Ben. They dashed onward through the forest and underbrush which bordered the shore, and after them as soon as they landed chased the redcoats.

The youths could hear the sound made by their pursuers as they crashed through the underbrush, and could, at intervals, make out in this manner about how near their pursuers were.

Both Tom and Ben were good runners, and did not much fear that they would be overtaken, but still they knew there was danger of it, that there were six or eight of the redcoats, and that they could scatter out and thus make it difficult to keep out of their way.

On they ran, and still they could hear the sounds of their pursuers.

"We don't seem to be shaking them off very effectively, Ben," determined Tom, after another brief interval.

"No, they're sticking on our trail pretty closely," was the reply.

"Let's try going first to one side and then the other. Perhaps we may be able to throw them off the track, that way."

"All right."

They bore away to the right, then, and went perhaps a quarter of a mile in that direction, but still the redcoats seemed to scent them out and hung on their trail. Then they turned to the left and went in that direction about the same distance and listened again. Still they heard sound of their pursuers.

"They stick to our trail pretty good," said Tom.

"Yes, so they do," agreed Ben.

Then they hastened onward, and ran as fast as they could for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes in a straight line, and then they paused and listened. The sounds of pursuit were about as loud as ever.

"Can't we throw them off the track?" cried Tom.

"It seems not," was the reply.

"I'll tell you what let's do, Ben."

"Well?"

"Let's make a gradual circuit, and finally make our way back to the shore, where we disembarked, get into our boat and head for the city again. What do you say?"

"That's a good idea."

"Come on, then, let's try out the scheme."

Again the youths set out, on the run, but kept bearing away toward the left, in a gradual circle, and by pausing occasionally they were enabled to keep track of the whereabouts of their pursuers.

Presently they were headed toward the spot they had left an hour or so before, and they kept on running with all their might. True, they were getting pretty well winded now, but they guessed that likely their pursuers were in the same fix. Probably the redcoats were in greater distress than they, for the youths were accustomed to plenty of exercise, and had good stamina to draw upon.

The two ran on and finally they came again to the shore. They were perhaps a quarter of a mile from the point where they had left their

boat, and they hastened along the shore, in that direction.

Presently they reached the spot, but to their surprise the small craft they had reached the island in, was not to be seen.

"Where can it be?" exclaimed Tom.

"We didn't stop to tie the painter, and likely it has floated away," replied Ben.

"Well, the big boat is here. We'll take it."

"That's a good idea. If we have it and they get no other, the redcoats won't be able to follow us, anyhow."

"That's right, not unless they swim."

"I guess they won't try that," with a laugh.

"I think not. Jump in, Ben."

Tom was untying the painter, and by the time Ben was in the boat, Tom was ready. He shoved the craft down into the water and jumped in. Then both seized oars, there being four pairs, and began rowing.

As they did so, they heard the crashing of underbrush, and then saw several dark bodies come out upon the shore, perhaps fifty yards distant.

"Yonder they go!" the youths heard one of the redcoats cry. "The young rebels have taken

to the boat again. We will surely get them now."

"Row hard, Ben!" urged Tom.

They bent to the oars and rowed as rapidly as they could. The boat was a big, unwieldy affair, however, and they could not force it through the water at a very swift pace. Still, they were gradually widening the distance between themselves and the shore.

"Come on, men, we must capture the rebels!" cried the voice, and the party of panting redcoats came running toward the spot whence the boys had disembarked.

When they reached this point, they stopped, and quarreling among themselves at their lack of forethought. Why had not someone stayed by the boat. Now they were, to all appearances, marooned upon the Island, compelled to relinquish the chase till at least they were able to find another boat.

A pistol-shot rang out sharply on the night air, and a bullet thudded against the side of the boat, but neither of the youths were hit.

"It would be an accident if they hit us, in the darkness," said Tom.

"Yes, they are wasting their powder and lead," said Ben.

They kept on rowing steadily, and the distance between the boat and the shore kept growing greater all the time. Presently they knew that they must be out of range of the pistols, for when the redcoats fired, the bullets did not come near the boat.

"We're all right, now," said Tom.

"Yes, they can't hit us with their bullets, anyhow," said Ben.

"And they can't pursue us."

"No, that's so."

"I guess we might as well take it easy a while, old fellow. I'm tired. How is it with you?"

"I feel rather tired, myself."

"That was quite a run we made through the woods and underbrush."

"Yes, so it was. I'll wager those redcoats are more tired than we."

"Likely. And angry, too."

Ben laughed. "I guess there can be little doubt about that," he agreed.

They sat there paddling occasionally, but really letting the boat drift, while they talked and rested, finally Tom said: "Well, let's head across toward the city."

"All right."

They took up their task and began rowing, and worked steadily but slowly, as they were now in no great hurry. Still, they were eager to get back to the city, for they realized that Dick would likely be uneasy regarding their non-arrival at the garden-fence, and their failure to keep the appointment agreed upon.

"Dick won't know what to think about our not putting in an appearance," said Ben.

"That's so," agreed Tom. "He will think that we have been captured, likely."

"I suppose so. Well, we will be there in half an hour or so."

Suddenly an exclamation escaped Tom's lips: "There goes a warship!"

Between them and the city, outlined against the lights along the shore, the youths could make out the great hulk of a vessel moving slowly along, toward the mouth of the Hudson River.

"It's a warship, undoubtedly," said Ben.

"I guess they won't see us, down here in the boat, close to the surface of the water."

"I think hardly. They are not likely to concern themselves about a small boat anyway."

The ship passed them, and presently disappeared entirely from view.

Suddenly Ben, who was sitting nearest the stern of the boat, saw a head rise above the gunwale, and an exclamation escaped his lips: "Who are you?" he cried.

"Why there must be someone lost overboard from the warship," cried Tom, who saw the person at almost the same moment that Ben did.

"Why, how are you, Tom and Ben?" said a familiar voice, and from the lips of both youths came the explanation:

"It's Dick!"

"Yes, it's Dick," was the reply, and then Dick with a little help clambered over the stern, and seated himself.

"How in the world did you happen to be in the water, swimming, Dick?" asked Tom.

"I was in a boat, and got run down by a ship," replied Dick.

"We saw the big warship," said Ben.

"What were you doing in the boat?" asked Tom.

"I was going over to Staten Island, thinking I might be of some assistance to you," was the reply.

"And how did you know we were on Staten Island?"

Then Dick told the whole story, of how he had learned about them, from a soldier, and then how he had been down at the wharf when Zeke and Lem landed, and finally how he had gotten into the boat, started across the bay, and had been run down by the warship.

"Now, let me hear your story," he said in conclusion.

The boys told the incidents of their adventures, and by this time they were almost to the wharf. They slowed up and advanced slowly and cautiously, for they did not want anybody to see them. There did not seem to be anyone around, however, and so they made a landing, tied the painter, and then made their way up across Bowling Green.

Then they proceeded with due precaution around to the rear of the building in which Dick had his room, and to the garden-fence. Here Dick pushed the picket loose, and said: "You boys crawl through there, while I go around and enter by the front entrance. I will then come out through the window and join you; or you can climb right into my room, if everything is quiet in the house."

"All right," replied Tom.

Then Dick hastened away, and was soon around at the front. Entering he made his way upstairs and to his room. Gaining access thereto, he cautiously closed and locked the door, promptly tied the rope to the bed-post and dropped the other end out of the window. The boys were already at the rear of the building, and Dick called to them, in a low scarcely audible voice, to come up.

They promptly obeyed, Tom climbing up first, and then Ben followed, and presently both stood in the room. Dick then drew up the rope, untied it, and placed it in its usual receptacle. Just at that moment there came a knock on the door.

To say that Dick and his companions were startled is putting it mildly. They were indeed alarmed, for they at once leaped to the conclusion that in some manner the entrance of Tom and Ben had been discovered, that probably a party of redcoats was outside the door, and had come to make prisoners of the youths.

It was indeed an exciting and alarming situation for the three patriot youths.

CHAPTER IX

A Disappointment

"QUICK!" whispered Dick. "Get into the closet, yonder."

Tom and Ben tip-toed to the closet and entered and pulled the door softly shut, and then Dick called out: "Who is there?"

"It is I, General Arnold," came the reply. "You are up yet, Dick?"

"Yes, sir. I'll open the door and let you in."

"No, come to my room, Dick. I wish to talk to you a little while."

"Very well, sir. I'll be in there in a few moments."

Then greatly relieved he heard the footsteps of Arnold, as he went back to his room, and Tom and Ben on his invitation came forth from the closet.

"That was Arnold, eh?" said Tom.

"Yes."

"Say, wouldn't that have been a good chance to grab him?" eagerly.

"Yes, but we haven't our other plans perfected yet. We have made no arrangements for taking him away. Oh, but I wish we had."

"That's so. How will we manage that?"

"I don't know positively yet. But I must go to Arnold's room, now. He is expecting me."

"All right," said Ben. "We'll take it easy while you are gone."

"I'll be back in a few minutes, likely."

Then Dick left the room and made his way to the chamber occupied by General Arnold, whom he found pacing the floor.

"Ah, Dick," he greeted. "Sit down."

The youth took a seat as ordered and after taking two or three turns up and down the room, with his hands grasped behind his back, the general threw himself with seeming discouraged recklessness into a seat.

"I wished to gain all the knowledge possible regarding the situation up at West Point," said the traitor. "There are a few questions that I have thought of that I would like to ask you."

"I shall be glad to answer them, sir, if I can," said Dick.

Then the traitor made a number of inquiries, and Dick was able to answer most of them. He did not mind answering, as long as he gave no information and he was careful on that point, that would likely injure the patriot Cause; and one or two questions that would have given information that Dick did not want to give, he pretended that he could not respond to.

He was in the room perhaps half an hour, and then Arnold thanked him and dismissed him, with a pleasant good-night, Dick replying pleasantly.

Then the youth rejoined his comrades in his room, they at once locked the door and settled down to evolve some plans for the capture and carrying away of the traitor.

It was decided that the best way would be to capture the traitor, bind him, take him aboard a boat and carry him up the river in this manner. It was further decided that Tom should go back up to West Point and tell General Washington the plan and return again with a suitable boat, and accompanied by those who were to assist in carrying Arnold away.

The boat Tom and Ben had come down in was a sailboat with a small adjustable mast, and they had hidden the craft under an old wharf. Tom said he could sail it up the river by himself, and that he would start at once, and Dick and Ben decided that they would accompany him to the boat.

They got down by means of the rope, and made their way out of the garden, then on to the river, and climbed in under the wharf, but to their chagrin and keen disappointment, the boat was not there.

"Somebody has taken it," cried Tom.

"Yes, it's gone," deplored Ben. "What shall we do?"

"I guess you'll have to put your trip off till to-morrow night, anyway," determined Dick.

"But how will I go then, Dick? Suppose my boat is not returned?"

"I'll find another for you, to-morrow."

"That then will be all right."

"Yes. Come on. Let's get back to the room and get some sleep."

"What will Ben and I do to-morrow?"

"You had better stay in my room," advised Dick.

They made their way back to the garden and entered, fastened the picket in place, then crossed to the rear of the building, climbed the rope and were soon in Dick's room. He pulled up the rope and put it in the closet, and then they lay down and were soon asleep.

Next morning Dick went out and ate breakfast at a tavern. Then bought at a market a lot of extra food, mainly fruit, had it wrapped up, and carried it up to his room. Tom and Ben ate heartily of the bountiful supply.

When they had finished, Dick told them to stay quietly in the room, and not to answer if anybody knocked on the door. Then he took his departure, his object being to try to find a boat for Tom's trip that night up the river.

He went down to the water-front, and searched for quite a while, but did not find any small sailboat that he thought would do. Then he caught sight of a neat little sloop, which lay only a short distance from the foot of the garden. This sloop could easily be managed by the three boys, and Dick pondered the matter of trying to capture Arnold, without waiting for help from West Point.

If they could make a prisoner of Arnold,

and get him aboard the sloop, they could carry out the remainder of the programme, and take him up the river to West Point without much difficulty.

Dick watched around for quite a while, and discovered that there were only three men aboard the sloop. One of these was undoubtedly the commander, while the other two were merely sailors.

The commander came ashore, presently, and Dick took a careful look at him. He looked like a fisherman, and the patriot youth wondered if he were a loyalist.

"If it should so happen that he is a patriot, he might help us," was the youth's thought.

Dick hastened to make a detour, which enabled him to come around and join the man a couple of blocks from the river. He began talking to him in a seemingly careless manner.

"I guess that the war is about over, isn't it, sir?" he asked. "The king will quickly win, now that the rebel officers are beginning to desert the rebel army. Don't you think so?"

"I guess that's likely," was the reply. "I don't care much about it, one way or another, boy. I'm a fisherman, and neutral. The peo-

ple will eat just as many fish, be they loyalists or rebels."

"That's so, of course," agreed Dick, laughing. And then he asked very unconcernedly: "When do you start on another trip?"

"To-morrow. Why? Want to go along?"

"Why, yes sir, I guess I will," was the reply. "And I may have two friends and some rather heavy baggage," he added significantly. "Will you do the trick and no questions asked if I pay you well?"

"Money is an argument that always has weight with me."

"Then I guess we can get together in this business."

After some talk all was arranged and then Dick parted from the captain of the sloop. He made his way to his room, and was soon telling the youths of what he had learned and of the arrangement made.

"There's no small boat anywhere along the shore," he said. "And I have about decided to try to capture Arnold ourselves, without having help from West Point. The three of us might manage the affair. I believe I have a plan that will work. Taking him aboard the sloop whose

captain I talked with and sailing up to West Point with him will be the easy part."

"It will be all right, I suppose," said Ben. "But it will be a big job for us three to put through."

"Yes, so it will. But I believe we can succeed."

"We'll do our best, anyhow," said Tom.

Dick brought the boys up food, at noon, and he put in the time during the afternoon in planning just how to get Arnold aboard the sloop.

After supper, that evening, he went to his room, and when Tom and Ben had eaten, they sat there and talked quite a while, waiting for the time to come when it would be safe for them to venture into Arnold's room, with the hope that they would catch him asleep. This, Dick thought, would not be much before midnight, for he knew that Arnold did not go to bed very early.

About half-past ten o'clock, Dick opened the door of his room and stepped out into the hall. He made his way cautiously to the door of Arnold's room at the front of the building, and pausing there, placed his ear to the keyhole and listened.

No sound came from within, and as there was

no light burning, Dick decided that Arnold had gone to bed.

He remained a few minutes, listening, to make sure, and not hearing any sound from within, made up his mind that he was right in thinking Arnold was in bed.

"He was up late last night, as I happen to know," the youth thought, "and he doubtless felt sleepy and went to bed early to-night."

Dick made his way back to his room and rejoined his comrades.

"Well?" said Tom.

"He's in bed, and likely is asleep," was the reply.

"Good," said Ben. "But, how are you going to get into his room?"

"We'll go to the door," was the reply, "and I'll knock on it, and when Arnold asks who is there, I'll tell him, and ask to come in, and say that I have something to tell him of importance. He'll open the door, and then after I am inside, if he is alone, I will give a signal. Then you and Tom come in and we will make a prisoner of him."

"All right. Let's get at it," said Tom, eagerly, but first the plans were fully gone over. Each

was assigned to some special task, to eliminate the possibility of noise and interruption.

They left the room, and stole along the hall to the door of Arnold's chamber. Tom and Ben took their stations at either side, while Dick stood right in front of the door, and knocked on it.

Then they stood there, waiting, every nerve tense, while they awaited some sign from the inmate of the room. There was no sound, however, to indicate that Dick's knock had been heard, and he knocked again, a little louder.

Still there was no sound from within, and the youths hardly knew what to think.

"Do you suppose that he's away, somewhere?" asked Ben, in a cautious whisper.

"Possibly," replied Dick; "but I supposed he was in bed and asleep."

Again he knocked. And again they waited, and listened without hearing any stir within the room. Then Dick took hold of the knob, and gave it a turn, and to his surprise, the door opened. It was not locked.

He pushed the door open carefully, and stood there, trying to pierce the darkness with his gaze, but could only make out the outlines of the windows.

"Go on in, and see if he is there," whispered Tom, and then Dick entered cautiously, followed by Tom and Ben.

They tip-toed to the point where Dick knew the bed to be, and Dick felt around, but as he had expected, now that he had found the door unlocked, there was no one in the bed.

"He's not here, boys," whispered Dick.

"I wonder where he can be?" said Ben.

"I don't know, unless he is over at headquarters on some business with General Clinton and his staff."

"Well, let's stay in here till he comes back," said Tom; "then we can take him by surprise and make a prisoner of him without much trouble."

"That is a good idea," said Dick, "and we will follow it."

Then they settled down to take it as easy as possible while waiting.

One, two, three hours passed, and still Arnold had not come. The youths were now tired and disappointed, and had about come to the conclusion that Arnold did not intend returning that night.

"We'll wait a while longer," said Dick, "and

then if he doesn't come, we will go to our room and to bed. He ought to be here now, if he's coming to-night."

"That's so," said Ben.

The three waited another hour, and still another, in the hope that Arnold might come in, but he did not put in an appearance, and so finally they left his room and went to Dick's chamber, and lay down. It was then getting toward morning, but they slept two or three hours.

Dick went out for his breakfast, and brought his comrades food, of which they partook heartily.

"You didn't see anything of Arnold, Dick?" queried Tom.

"No. I'll go, now, and see if he is in his room."

Dick did so, and came back with the report that Arnold was not there.

A little later Dick went out on the street, and had gone only a block or so when he met the very personage uppermost in his mind.

"Good morning, Dick," the traitor greeted.

"Good morning, General Arnold," Dick replied. "Are you on your way to your room?"

"Oh, I don't occupy that room, now, Dick,"

was the reply. "I didn't see you yesterday afternoon, to tell you, but I have taken a room in the headquarters building, at General Clinton's request, so to be near the officers when they hold their councils. So I am not your neighbor, now."

This was disconcerting information indeed, but Dick managed to keep the fact that he was disturbed from showing on his face, and after a little further conversation, hastened back to his room and told the boys the news.

"Well, that is bad news, indeed," said Ben.

"Yes," said Dick; "it is going to make it extremely difficult to effect the capture of Arnold."

CHAPTER X

Arnold Surprises Dick

AFTER considerable discussion, the youths decided that it would be best for Tom and Ben to return to West Point, with the news of the situation in New York, and then likely General Washington would evolve some plan for securing Arnold.

"He may possibly send one of the sloops-of-war down, with a number of soldiers on board, and have them work in connection with us," said Dick.

"Likely," said Tom. "Well, Ben and I will try and get hold of a sailboat somewhere along the river-front, to-night, and will go up to West Point and report."

"That will be best, I guess," agreed Dick. "And when you get back, come here to the rear

of this building, give our signal and I will let the rope down for you."

"All right. We may get back to-morrow night."

"I'll be on the lookout for you."

The day passed slowly, but evening came at last, and soon after dark Tom and Ben slipped down the rope, to the ground, stole across the garden, Dick following, to fasten the picket in place again. The two youths crawled through the opening, and were about to say good-by, when Dick came through after them.

"I guess I'll stay with you till you find a boat," he said. "I'll feel better if I know that you have gotten started all right."

"All right," said Tom.

Then they made their way to the river, and began searching along the shore for a boat. For some time their search was unsuccessful, but presently they came upon a small sailboat in a little cove.

"This will do first rate," said Tom.

"Yes," said Ben, "we can handle this little craft all right."

They got in, and made ready to start. Then when preparations were concluded, Dick shook

hands with each and bade them good-by. They set off, rowing softly out into the stream, as they did not want to put up the sail till they were sufficiently far from the shore so that they would not attract the attention of any of the sentinels who might be stationed thereabouts, two or three of whom they had avoided when searching for the boat.

Dick stood there, looking after the boat till it was out of sight in the darkness, and then he turned and started back in the direction of the garden at the rear of the building his room was in.

The point where the boat had been found was quite a distance above the northern end of the city, and Dick cut across toward the Common, intending to go down Broadway. He had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when he passed a little clump of trees. Just as he came opposite the trees, a couple of dark forms leaped out and seized hold of him.

Dick, although taken by surprise, made a strong fight, struggling fiercely, but he did not have much chance against two powerful assailants, especially when he had been taken by surprise, and presently he was overpowered, and his

captors dragged him in among the trees. Dick was nonplused by this turn of affairs, and wondered who his captors might be. He was soon to learn.

"Now we'll see if he's got any money in his clothes," growled one of the ruffians, and Dick guessed they were robbers.

"You won't find much in that line," he said, calmly. "Not enough to pay you for the trouble you have had. Soldiers don't usually have much money in their clothes, you know."

"Feel in all his pockets," ordered the other, roughly.

They felt in the youth's pockets, and a few small pieces of silver that they secured did not satisfy them.

"You had ought to have had more money than that," growled one.

"Perhaps," said Dick, "but that's all I have in my pockets." He made no mention, of course, of his belt, which contained a considerable sum given him by General Washington to use in furtherance of his plans.

"Well, next time you come up this way, see to it that ye have more money with ye," said the other, who was evidently a humorist.

Then they told Dick to go. This he did, but when he had gone a short distance, and was sure the ruffians could not see him, he made a detour and entered the clump of trees. He advanced slowly and cautiously, and presently heard the voices of the two. A few moments later they left the spot and started in the direction of the city, Dick following. He had made up his mind that he would track them to their rendezvous, if it was in the city and give them over to the authorities. But they turned and made their way across toward the East River before they reached the Common, still Dick kept after them till he saw them enter a boat and row out into the stream, and then he made his way over to the Common and continued onward down into the city.

He put in an hour or so on Broadway, and then went around and entered the garden, fastened the picket, made his way to the rear of the building, climbed the rope and entered the room. Drawing the rope up, he untied it, put it in the closet once more and then sat down and pondered the situation.

How was the capture of Benedict Arnold to be effected?

This was indeed a difficult question, and Dick could not figure out how the deed was to be accomplished. Now that the traitor had taken a room in the headquarters building, it would be a difficult matter to get at him.

There was one plan that Dick thought of that he believed might work: This was to get Arnold to come to his room some evening, on the pretense that Dick had something of importance to say to him. Then have Tom and Ben concealed in the closet, and have them aid in making a prisoner of Arnold. The only difficulty would be to evolve a reason for wanting Arnold to come to his room, instead of Dick going to Arnold's room. Dick thought that likely he could get over this difficulty, however, by giving a plausible reason.

Finally Dick went to bed and to sleep, and next morning he went out to breakfast, after which he made his way slowly down the street in the direction of British headquarters. He had no special plan of procedure for the day in his mind, but thought he might meet Arnold and have a talk with him, and that something might come up that would enable him to evolve a scheme to get the traitor into his room that

evening, after the arrival of Tom, Ben and perhaps some additional patriot soldiers might be assigned to the task.

He did not meet Arnold, and so he passed headquarters, but came back again, in a short time. He stopped not far distant, and stood meditatively trying to think of what would be the best plan to try. He had been there only a little while when he saw Arnold emerge from the headquarters building and start up the street. Dick at once followed, and soon overtook the traitor, who, when he saw Dick, exclaimed:

"Ah, Dick, I am glad to see you. I was just thinking about you. I have received my commission in the British army, and will take command of a body of troops that is on board one of the warships, ready to sail for Virginia, and I want you to accompany me. I was on my way to my former room, in the building where you are staying, to get a few trinkets that I left there, you can get your possessions, and we will go aboard the ship at once."

Had Arnold been observing Dick's face closely, he would likely have noted the look of dismay that crossed it as he told about going aboard a ship and sailing for Virginia.

"That spoils our plans for capturing him, then!" thought the youth. "That is bad. And he wants me to accompany him! I don't want to do that, if I can help it; but how am I to avoid it? He thinks I am a loyal subject to the king, and that I want to be a member of his command, and if I try to get out of going with him, he will at once become suspicious, and it might result in the deception I have been practicing being discovered."

There was nothing to do but pretend that he was well pleased, and this Dick did, and Arnold, intent on his own thoughts, did not notice that his companion's tones were not hearty and enthusiastic.

"Oh, if we had only seized him the other night when he came to the door, when Tom and Ben were there!" thought Dick. "We might have succeeded in getting him out of the city and back up to West Point. Now, he will escape capture, without doubt. Likely General Clinton is sending him to Virginia so that he will be so far away that General Washington could not hope to secure him."

In thinking back over his course since coming to the city, Dick could not see but what he had

done the best that could have been expected, with perhaps the one exception, when Arnold had come to his door, when Tom and Ben were in the room. The traitor might have been seized then; but they had not yet made arrangements to take him away, after capture, and they did not think about him taking a room in the headquarters building.

They were soon at the building, and Dick went to his room and got the few possessions that he had there, while Arnold entered his room and gathered up the trinkets he had spoken of. Dick was doing some swift thinking, while in his room. Should he go aboard the British warship, and still pretend to be a loyal subject of the king? Or should he slip out of the room by way of the window, and make his escape from Arnold?

He did not have long to ponder the matter. He must decide quickly, for Arnold would soon be ready to leave the building, and would expect him to accompany him.

Suddenly Dick decided. He would not go with Arnold. He did not want to be a member of the British army, and unless he could hope to do something toward effecting the capture of the traitor by accompanying him, he did not wish to

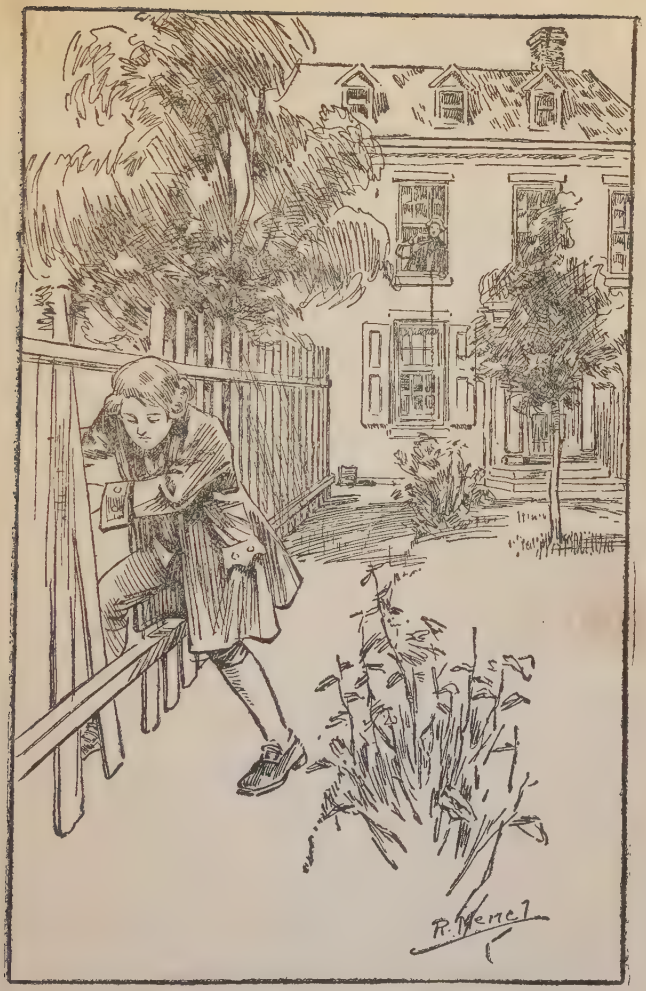
do so. And he did not see that he could do anything away off down there in Virginia, by himself. No, the best plan for him to pursue was to part company with Arnold. He had failed in the attempt to capture the traitor, but he was not to blame. He had done his best, and but for the unexpected action of Arnold in changing his room, and now in making preparations to go aboard a warship and sail for Virginia, his capture might have been effected.

Having decided, Dick ran quickly to the closet, got the rope, tied it to the bed-post, threw the loose end out of the window, and then, just as he was climbing across the window-ledge, he heard the voice of Arnold asking:

"Are you ready, Dick?"

"I'll be there in a few moments, sir," called Dick, and then he slipped over the ledge and slid down the rope.

He hastened across the garden, glancing around, to see if he was observed. He did not see anyone in the vicinity, and judged that he would be able to make his escape without being seen, but just before he reached the fence, he heard a voice call out, excitedly: "Dick! What's the matter? Where are you going?"



"Stop and surrender or I'll fire."

He glanced back over his shoulder, and caught sight of Arnold, who was leaning out of the window through which Dick had so recently climbed. Dick realized that he was in danger of capture, now, and he hastened onward, without replying, and on reaching the fence, pulled the picket away, and began scrambling through the opening. At the same time Arnold cried, angrily: "Stop. I believe you are a rebel spy and a traitor! Stop and surrender, or I'll fire!"

Dick was through the opening by the time Arnold ceased speaking, and the traitor, evidently satisfied, now, that Dick was not going to obey his command, did fire a shot from his pistol, the bullet striking one of the pickets with a thud.

Dick hastened away up the street, going as fast as he could, without running, for he hoped to escape observation by any persons who might be in the vicinity. The shot of Arnold, and the shout that he now gave utterance to, however, attracted the attention of two or three men, and they saw Dick walking very fast, and called to him to ask what was the matter.

Dick paid no attention to them, but continued walking rapidly onward, and at the first corner, turned up toward Broadway. A glance back

over his shoulder showed him that the men were running toward him, so he too broke into a run.

The men turned up the street, and when they saw him running, they set up a yell.

"Stop, rebel!" they cried. "Stop, or we will fire on you."

Dick did not believe they would fire, however, and doubted their having weapons, as they were citizens, and not soldiers. He began running swiftly now, and was soon at Broadway, where, turning the corner sharply he plunged in among the people thronging that thoroughfare, and hastened up toward the Common, in the hope of throwing his pursuers off the track.

He had not gone far, however, before he came face to face with Zeke Boggs and Lem Hicks, who stopped in front of him, and Zeke said:

"Hold on, Dick. What's your hurry?"

Dick, of course, did not want to be halted, and he motioned them aside, and said: "Get out of the way."

"We want to talk to you," said Lem.

But Dick having glanced back over his shoulder, caught sight of his pursuers coming — he could make them out by their haste in rushing up the street, through the crowd — and without

further words he leaped forward, pushed Zeke and Lem out of his way, and continued onward.

But his pursuers had gotten close enough to see him, and they set up a yell, calling out that he was a rebel, and Zeke and Lem, delighted by this turn of affairs, took up the cry and set out in pursuit of Dick.

CHAPTER XI

Arnold's Anger

WHEN Benedict Arnold called to Dick, and the youth said he would be there in a few moments, the traitor waited a little while, and then as Dick did not appear, he made his way to the room and opened the door and entered.

To his surprise, there was no one in the room. Dick was not to be seen. Amazed, Arnold glanced hastily around, and saw the open window, and the rope, stretching from the bed-post to the window-ledge, and with an exclamation he bounded to the window and looked out.

There in the garden, almost at the fence on the farther side was Dick Dare, and it was then that Arnold called to him. And, the youth not answering, Arnold jumped at once to the conclusion that Dick had now deserted from the

British army, and was bent on returning to the patriot army. And into his mind flashed the thought that possibly Dick never had deserted from the patriot army, but had come to New York, pretending to be a deserter, probably to try to effect his capture.

This thought angered Arnold, and he drew his pistol and fired at Dick, coming quite close to him, and then yelled loudly, to attract the attention of anyone beyond the fence, in the hope that they would intercept the youth and capture him. Then he turned and hastened from the room, made his way downstairs and out upon the street, and to headquarters, and was soon in the presence of General Clinton.

The commander-in-chief saw that Arnold was excited, and inquired solicitously as to the cause of his distress.

"That young rascal, Dick Dare, your excellency, has taken flight," was the reply. "I do not now believe that he ever deserted from the patriot army, but that it was a plan conceived for the purpose of trying to capture me."

"How is that?" in surprise, and with some excitement.

Then Arnold told the story of how Dick Dare

had made his escape by way of an open window, and through the garden.

"I had told him he was to go with me aboard the warship and accompany me to Virginia," said Arnold, "and he evidently did not wish to leave this part of the country. Knowing that he could not hope to accomplish my capture away down in Virginia, alone, he decided to go back to the patriot army as quickly as possible, but I want that he shall be captured, sir. Will you send out a general alarm, and have the soldiers try to capture the young rebel?"

"Yes, indeed. I will do that very thing," was the reply. "He is a most daring youth, to attempt such a bold deception, General Arnold."

"Yes, he is daring enough," was the reply, "and he has done a great deal of important spy-work for General Washington. He would be just the person that would be selected for such an attempt as I think has been made to get hold of me, and but for the fact that I changed my room from that building where he had his room, to headquarters, here, the chances are that he and his assistants might have succeeded in their plan of capturing me. Your ordering me to start for Virginia was what put an end to the plan. Dick

Dare saw that he could not do anything further here, and will now try to get back to West Point."

"Well, we will keep him from getting back to West Point. I will have a general alarm sent out, at once, and every soldier in New York will be on the lookout for the young rebel."

"Good, sir. I hope that you will succeed in capturing him."

"He shall be captured," was the curt and determined reply.

Then Arnold asked if he might delay his departure for Virginia till the next day, as he wished to learn whether Dick Dare were captured, and General Clinton said yes, that all of the ships would not be ready to sail till next morning, anyway.

Then Arnold went to his room, and General Clinton sent out orders to various officers, and soon the entire city was in an uproar. Soldiers were everywhere, stirring around, looking for the daring young rebel who had been in the city, pretending that he was a deserter from the patriot army, but who had really been trying to effect the capture of Benedict Arnold.

Soldiers were thick, and they made strenuous

efforts to find Dick, who, as detailed at the close of the preceding chapter, was making assiduous efforts to escape from Zeke, his boon companion, Lem, and the Tories that were in pursuit of him.

Dick had darted down a side-street, and as he was a swift runner, he gradually drew away from his pursuers, but he knew it would be a difficult matter to make his escape.

He turned corner after corner, however, and presently darted into a tavern, with the intention of going on through the building, and out at the rear door, and making his escape by way of the rear alley. But the bar-room was filled with men, drinking, the majority of them under the influence of liquor. When they saw Dick enter, they thought he would furnish them with some amusement, and when he started to pass out at the rear door, two of them got in his way, and would not let him through.

"Hold on. What's your hurry, youngster," said one. "Stop a while. Have a drink, and be sociable."

"Get out of my way," ordered Dick to whom every moment was precious.

But they would not do it, and seeing that he could not get to the door, Dick sprang to another

door, that opened, he found, upon a stairway leading to the upper floor, jerking the door open, he bounded up the stairs.

The men in the bar-room yelled at him to stop, and one or two started after him, but Dick was at the top of the stairs before they could get halfway up.

There was a hall running toward the rear of the building, and Dick hastened along this hall. Opening the door of the last room on the right-hand side, he leaped through, closed the door quickly, and shot the bolt. As he did so, he heard an exclamation, and whirled, to see himself confronted by a man, who had evidently been reading, but who had leaped to his feet when the youth had entered.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "And why have you entered my room in this fashion?"

Just then there sounded the shuffling of feet in the hall, and somebody tried to open the door. Being unable to do so, the person in question lifted up his voice and called out: "Open the door, youngster. D'ye hear?"

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," said Dick to the inmate of the room, "but those men are after me, and I came in here to escape them. I in-

tended to try to get out of the window and to the ground, and will, if you do not object, do so now." Then he made his way to the window, and was raising it, when a voice came from the other side of the door, loudly and angrily:

"Open the door, you young rebel! Open at once, or we'll break it down."

Then the man in the room started and uttered an exclamation. "Ah, so you are a rebel, eh?" he cried. "Then I shall not sit here and permit you to escape. I am a loyal king's man."

He sprang forward and seized hold of Dick, who had just got the window up and placed a prop under it.

"Let go of me," cried Dick. Then he began struggling with his new assailant, trying to break the man's hold. The man was pretty strong, however, and hung onto Dick with all his might, at the same time crying out at the top of his voice, yelling: "Break the door down. I've got him. I'm holding the rebel. Hurry!"

The next moment their sounded a thud against the door, as if a heavy body had been launched against it, and the door shook and quivered, but withstood the shock, though it was evident that it would not stand many such.

Dick, realizing that he was in great danger of being captured, and knowing that if he were captured, he might be handled pretty severely, he fought strenuously to break the hold of the man.

Around the room they went, Dick using all his strength and skill as a wrestler, and suddenly he succeeded in throwing the man to the floor with a thud. At the same moment there was a crashing sound, with it the door was burst open, and into the room came the men that had been hurling their bodies against the door.

"We've got you now!" cried one, and he made a rush for Dick, who was just scrambling to his feet.

But Dick struck him a blow in the face, sending him back into the arms of the man behind him, and then the youth bounded to the open window, clambered across the ledge, and dropped down, till he was hanging by his hands. He glanced down to see where he would light when he dropped, and at that moment he felt his wrists seized in the hands of one of the men in the room.

The glance downward had shown Dick that he would have a very good landing-place, but now he was unable to drop. The man held him by the

wrists, and was calling to others in the room to help him.

"Some of you run downstairs, and around to the rear, so that if he should succeed in getting loose and dropping, you will be there to seize him," Dick heard a voice say, and he realized that if he did not succeed in getting his wrists free and dropping quickly, he would surely be captured.

He at once began making strenuous efforts to get his wrists free. In his struggle his knee hit against some projection. It was a window shutter, and promptly Dick made use of it as a support for his feet. He quickly wrenched one hand loose and drew his pistol. This was a convincing argument pointed at the heart of his would-be captor, who let go his hold and stepped back. Then down to the ground Dick dropped. At once leaping to his feet, he dashed across the backyard, sprang upon the crossbar of the fence at the rear, vaulted lightly over and darted up the alley, just as a redcoat and some Tories came running out of the rear door of the tavern.

These men looked upward, expecting to see the youth, but several voices, whose owners had their heads sticking out of the window, yelled to

them that the fugitive had got loose and was running up the alley.

"After him!" yelled the redcoat. "Catch him. Don't let him get away."

And the men turned and ran to the alley, in turn they leaped the fence, and hastened after Dick at the top of their speed.

Dick turned at the first street he came to, and ran toward the East River Front. He did not know that he would be able to find a hiding-place there, but it was the best he could do.

There were only five or six pursuers, however, and it happened that they were not very fast runners, and Dick by turning corners and going through alleys, managed to get out of sight of them for a few moments, and leaping a fence, he entered a building standing not far from the wharf. It was empty, and was evidently used occasionally as a ware-house. At the farther end was a sort of loft, and Dick decided that this would be as good a place of concealment as he would likely find. He managed to climb up, to get out on the boards constituting the loft, and dropping on the floor, he lay here, panting. He had had a strenuous time of it for the past hour or so, and to say that he was tired would

be to mildly describe his exhausted condition.

He had been there perhaps ten minutes, when he heard voices, and glancing cautiously through a crack, he saw about a dozen redcoats and citizens below him, in the ware-house. Then as may well be imagined, with a sinking heart he heard one of the men say:

"I saw him come into this building."

"Well, he isn't here now," was the encouraging response.

"Unless he's up in the loft, there," suggested a redcoat, and then Dick saw them look up at his place of concealment. There was not sufficient light however to reveal his form lying prone upon the platform. He hardly dared to take a long breath and he was in momentary danger. He could scarcely restrain a desire to sneeze, caused by the fine dust he had disturbed.

"Possibly he is up there!" said another, while Dick was hoping against hope.

"Somebody climb up and see," ordered the first speaker.

Dick's discouragement can be imagined, and he was impressed by a feeling of dismay. It looked as if he would surely be discovered and captured.

After all his strenuous effort it seemed likely that he would be made a prisoner.

What should he do? This was a question he could not answer, for it looked as if there was no chance for escape. Still, he would not let them capture him, if he could help it.

"I'll climb up there and see if he's hiding," announced one of the men, and he at once began climbing up.

Dick would very quickly be discovered.

CHAPTER XII

Tom and Ben Report

TOM and Ben set the sail on the boat they had borrowed after getting out into the river, and were soon making pretty good progress up the Hudson.

They reached West Point before morning without incident, and disembarked. First they went to their quarters, got two or three hours of needed sleep, and then after an early breakfast, they got in the boat and rowed across the river to the Beverley Robinson house, where they were told General Washington now had his headquarters.

They were soon in the room occupied by the commander-in-chief as his office and council room. The youths were given a kindly greeting.

"What is the news, my boys?" he asked,

with considerable interest. "Does there seem to be any favorable outlook for the capture of General Arnold?"

"Yes," replied Tom. "But not as good as would have been, had not the traitor changed his quarters when we were not expecting it." And then Tom told the story of how Arnold had had a room in the same building Dick was in, what arrangements had been made, only to become abortive because Arnold had suddenly changed to a room at the headquarters building.

"Which will make it more difficult to effect his capture," said Tom in conclusion. "We talked the matter over, and Dick thought we had better come up here and report to you, get your ideas, and perhaps some soldiers to help, and then return to New York and make the attempt at capturing Arnold by enticing him into Dick's chamber."

"That was a good idea," said the commander-in-chief. Then he asked a goodly number of questions, and got a distinct idea of the situation in New York, after which he pondered a while. Then he summoned an orderly and told him to call together the members of the staff, as there was an important matter for discussion.

A few minutes later the staff officers were in the room, and General Washington told them why he had sent for them. They listened with interest, and when they had heard all, the matter was discussed at considerable length. It was finally decided that a small sloop that lay near at hand should be sent down to New York, with perhaps a half score of selected men on board, and this vessel would be on the river, opposite the city every night, till the attempt was made to capture Arnold. Then if the attempt was successful, he could be brought aboard, and the sloop could sail back to West Point.

This was a very good plan, the commander-in-chief and the officers thought, and so orders were given to get the sloop ready for the trip.

The start would be made late enough in the afternoon, so that New York would not be reached till after dark, and the details having been settled, the members dispersed, and Tom and Ben went across to their quarters at West Point.

Here Tim Murphy and Fritz Schmockenburg, the Irish and Dutch members of Captain Morgan's company wanted to know what adventures the two youths had had in New York, and the

youths told the story, Tim and Fritz listening with interest.

"Sure an' it's mesilf as wishes Oi had been wid ye," said Tim, sighing regretfully.

"Yah, und I vould haf lige to haf been mit you, alretty," said Fritz.

"Perhaps you can go with us to-night," said Tom.

"Thot would be foine," said Tim.

"Yah, it vould be fineness," said Fritz.

"We'll see that you are selected to go with us," said Ben.

"Good for ye," said Tim, a delighted smile on his face.

"Dot vill be all righd," nodded Fritz.

They discussed this quite a while, and Tim and Fritz were considerably excited. They had been cooped up in their quarters at West Point quite a while, and were eager to get out and stir around. Then, too, they liked excitement, and this trip down to New York in the sloop, to try to capture Benedict Arnold promised considerable in the way of adventure.

The day passed slowly for the two youths and their comrades, but the time came for the start, finally, and Tim and Fritz were permitted to be

of the party of soldiers, at the request of Tom and Ben, and they were happy indeed.

The sloop weighed anchor and set sail down the river, and the trip was begun. Tom, Ben, Tim and Fritz were on deck, and they viewed the shores as they slipped past with delighted eyes.

"Dis is better as stayin' up by der camp, alretty," said Fritz, smiling hugely.

"Ye're roight, Dootchy, for once in your loife," grinned Tim.

"This part of it is nice enough," said Tom. "But when we get down to New York, it won't be so funny."

"Thot is the part thot Oi loike the best," said Tim. "There is promise av foightin', an' thot suits me betther than even this, which is nice, Oi'll admit."

"Yah, und I lige to fight mit der retgoads," said Fritz.

On down the river the sloop sailed, and it was dark before New York was sighted. The vessel kept onward, however, and finally the lights of the city could be seen, and the sloop sailed over close to the west shore and dropped anchor.

Then a boat was lowered, and Tom and Ben, and the officer in command, Captain Morgan, got

in and set out for the New York side, the youths working the oars.

They slowed down and approached the shore slowly and cautiously, for they did not doubt that sentinels were stationed at intervals along the river bank.

They reached the shore without hearing anything of any sentinels, however, and disembarked. Tying the rope to a tree, they moved slowly and cautiously up the bank, and reaching the top, they paused and listened.

A short distance away they heard the sound of voices, and were able to make out the dim outlines of a couple of men. These were undoubtedly sentinels, so the three slipped across the path silently, and made their way toward the Common, they having disembarked two or three hundred yards above the north end of the city.

They were soon at the Common, and they crossed it and were on Broadway. The captain, of course, like the others, did not have on a uniform, but wore citizen's clothing, and so was not likely to attract attention.

Tom and Ben led the way down Broadway, nearly to Trinity Church, and then turned to the right and made their way around to the garden-

fence, pulled the picket loose and climbed through into the garden, and made their way to the rear of the building that Dick's room was in. Here, to their surprise, they found the rope dangling, and at once leaped to the conclusion that Dick was not in his room, but was somewhere on the streets.

"Let's climb the rope and enter his room and wait till he comes," suggested Tom.

"That will be a good idea," said the captain.

Tom at once seized hold of the rope and began climbing, and was soon in the room, and then the captain followed, he was a heavier man, but possessed of great strength. Ben brought up the rear.

"I hope Dick will put in an appearance soon," said the captain, in a low voice.

"Likely he will," said Ben.

They sat there, talking in suppressed whispers, quite a while, and then they heard footsteps in the hall, at which Ben said: "Here he comes now."

"I don't believe it's him," said Tom. "He went out the rear way and would likely come back that way."

"There is more than one," said the captain.

"You're right," replied Tom. It was easy to distinguish, now, that there were two or three persons coming along the hall.

Then the footsteps ceased in front of the door, and the patriots heard the knob rattle, as if some one were trying to open the door. Then they heard a voice say: "The door is locked."

"Perhaps some of the keys you have there will open the door," said another voice, and then there sounded the rattle of keys. Then one was heard grating in the lock, and the next moment the door was thrown open, and there stood three British soldiers. One was an orderly, who had charge of the rooms in this building, and he held a candle in his hand, the patriots being shown by its light.

It was a striking tableau, and the patriots and redcoats gazed at each other questioningly and defiantly. As the patriots were in citizen's clothes, however, the redcoats evidently did not know exactly what to think about the intruders.

"Who are you?" presently gasped the orderly. "And what are you doing here?"

Then one of the other soldiers caught a sight of the open window and the rope, and uttered an exclamation.

"They're rebels!" he cried. "And likely they are comrades of Dick Dare, the rebel spy. They came in through that window, yonder. Seize them!"

The other two glanced at the open window and the rope, and then with cries of anger, they leaped through the doorway, and hurled themselves upon the patriots.

The next moment a lively combat was in progress in the room.

CHAPTER XIII

A Marvelous Escape

IT had seemed that Dick Dare must be discovered in his hiding place when the man started to climb up to look in the loft, but a diversion occurred, that caused an entire change in the proceedings.

One of the men down below happened to see somebody running along the wharf, and he at once jumped at the conclusion that the person in question was the fugitive. He yelled to his companions, "There he goes! After him, everybody!" and then he dashed out through the doorway and led in the pursuit of the person in question. The others, naturally, followed him hastily. The man who had started to climb up to look into the loft, hesitated, and then dropped to the floor and darted out after the others. He

had come to the conclusion, evidently, that the fellow they were pursuing was the fugitive.

Dick drew a long breath of relief and thanksgiving. "That is good," he murmured. "But they will quickly learn their mistake and perhaps come back here to look for me, so I had better get away from here as quickly as possible."

He climbed hastily down out of the loft, and made his way across the ware-house and out at the back door, the same way he had entered. He climbed the fence, into the alley, and made his way along the alley to the next street, where, having taken an observation, to see if any soldiers looking as if in search of anyone were in sight, he stepped out upon the street, and made his way slowly in the direction of a tavern where he had stopped once or twice, when in the city, on former expeditions for spying purposes. The keeper of the tavern in question was a patriot sympathizer and Dick felt that he would be safe there till evening, when he would venture upon the streets again, without being in much danger of being discovered or recognized, and could probably succeed in making his way out of the city, which he felt that he might as well do, as with Arnold gone, there would be no

further reason for him to remain at his post.

Dick reached the tavern without mishap, and entered. He was so fortunate as to find the landlord in the office and bar-room alone. He recognized Dick, and greeted him cordially.

"I haven't seen you in quite a while," he said. "Where have you been?"

"With the patriot army," was the reply.

"And what are you doing in New York? At your old work of spying, I suppose?"

"Partly. But the real work that I came here to do was to try to effect the capture of General Arnold."

"Ah, yes, the traitor," with a grimace.

"Yes. General Washington wants to get his hands on Arnold, and I pretended to desert from the patriot army and came down here and was making arrangements to try to capture the traitor, but to-day he told me that he was going to sail for Virginia, and that he wanted me to accompany him. I didn't want to go, and so I made my escape, but was chased, and I have come here to stay till nightfall, as they will be looking everywhere for me on the streets, and it would be dangerous for me to be where I could be seen."

"You are welcome to stay here as long as you like, Dick Dare," was the hearty reply. "I am a patriot, and will do what I can to help you."

"Thank you, sir, I was sure of that."

"You can have a room upstairs, and nobody will find you there."

"Very well, sir."

"I'll bring your dinner and supper up to you, so you won't need to be seen by anybody but me."

"That is kind of you."

"I shall be glad to do it, Dick. And now, you had better come on upstairs before somebody comes in and sees you."

Dick accompanied his host to an upper, out of the way room where he could be comfortable, and after talking a few moments, the landlord went back downstairs, as customers might come in at any moment.

Dick did not like the idea of being indoors all the rest of the day, but he felt that it would be better than to be on the streets and run the risk of being recognized and made a prisoner. He realized that now that he was known to have deceived them regarding having deserted from the patriot army, the British would be exceed-

ingly angry, and they might handle him severely if they got hold of him.

The time passed very slowly, but noon came at last, and the landlord brought up Dick's dinner, which the youth ate, for he was possessed of a good appetite. The landlord reported that there had been no redcoats making any inquiries regarding him.

"There have been a number in the bar-room," he said, "but they did not say anything about you."

"I guess nobody saw me come here," replied Dick.

"I guess not."

Then the landlord when back downstairs, and again Dick was left alone to pass the time away as best he could till nightfall.

The afternoon passed very slowly, but at last supper-time came, and the landlord brought up Dick's evening meal. He stayed to talk a few minutes, as he had an assistant downstairs, to help him evenings, when business was brisk.

"There has not been an inquiry made for you, Dick," he said.

"I'm glad of that," was the reply.

"So I guess that as soon as it is dark, you can

slip out and make your escape from the city, without much trouble."

"Yes. Well, I thank you for what you have done, Mr. Haines."

"You are welcome, Dick."

They talked a while longer, and then the landlord went back downstairs. Dick remained in the room till it had grown absolutely dark outside. Then he slipped out of the room, made his way downstairs, summoned Mr. Haines from the bar-room and told him that he guessed he would be off.

"It is dark, now, and nobody will likely see me, or recognize me, if I should happen to meet anybody that knows me. I will say good-by for the present," and he extended his hand, which the landlord grasped.

"Good-by, Dick, and good luck to you," the man said.

"I'll slip out the back way," said Dick.

"Yes, that will be best, as there are two or three redcoats in the bar-room," was the whispered reply.

Then Dick took his departure, and was soon making his way up toward Broadway. He decided that he would go around and see if he could

get into his room, as he had left a few of his possessions there, when he left in such a hurry, to escape from Arnold.

"If they haven't taken in the rope, I can get into the room without detection," was his thought.

He was not long in getting around to the garden-fence. He climbed through the opening, and advanced toward the rear of the building. As he did so, he heard sounds as of a struggle between several persons going on in the room he had occupied, he could see the bodies of the combatants, as they whirled and swayed across in front of the window.

Dick hardly knew what to think of this, at first, and stood there for a few moments, gazing wonderingly up at the open window. And then he was struck with a sudden thought: "Might it not be Tom and Ben and some redcoats, up there, fighting?" If this were the case, his comrades might be needing assistance, and he at once leaped forward, seized the rope, and began climbing it as swiftly as possible.

CHAPTER XIV

To the Rescue

TOM, Ben and Captain Morgan made as good a fight as they could, and managed to hold their own pretty well. They realized, however, that the noise of the fight would attract people to the spot soon, and then being outnumbered, they would be unable to make their escape. So they fought, now, to get sufficiently the better of their assailants so that they could make their escape through the window.

The redcoats had attacked them so fiercely, however, that they were not able all to get loose at one time and for one to escape and leave the others was not to be thought of, so they had to keep on with the struggle.

But help was at hand. Suddenly somebody came climbing through the window, and Tom,

who caught sight of him first, exclaimed: "It's Dick!"

"Yes, and I'm here to help you handle these fellows," cried Dick, and he attacked the nearest redcoat energetically, and promptly knocked him down, the captain downed another, and the three made prompt work of the third. Then the redcoats were hustled unceremoniously into the closet, the door was slammed shut, and locked.

"Now, get through that window as quickly as possible!" cried Dick. "They'll break the door down very quickly."

"You go first, Tom," said the captain. "And you next, Ben."

The youths obeyed. Not that either of them was eager to be the first to get away from danger, but because they knew it would facilitate matters to go as directed, without losing any time.

Tom climbed over the ledge and slid down the rope, and Ben followed quickly, and then as there came a loud thump against the door, causing it to shake and rattle, Dick motioned to the captain. He promptly followed the youths, and then after him went Dick. And just as Dick's head disappeared below the ledge, the door was burst down with a crash, and into the room rushed the

redcoats, while still more of them could be heard coming along the hall.

Dick slid down the rope, scarcely touching it, and was beside his comrades.

At the same moment two or three heads were pushed through the window, and excited voices came down from above.

"There they are!" cried one. "Fire upon them!"

The four patriots were already racing across the garden, and as he heard the words, Dick cried: "Spread out, so as to make as small targets as possible." They did so at once, separating so that several feet intervened between them.

Then the crack, crack of firearms was heard, and bullets came zipping about the fugitives.

Luckily none of them were hit, and they reached the opening in the fence, and hastily scrambled through, Tom going first, then Ben, next the captain, and last Dick.

As he slipped through and looked back toward the building, he saw the first of the redcoats coming across the garden as fast as he could run, and others sliding down the rope.

"They're coming in pursuit," he exclaimed.

"Run as fast as you can. We must get to the boat as quickly as possible."

The others realized this, and did run as rapidly as they could, Dick bringing up the rear.

After them came the redcoats, yelling loudly for the fugitives to stop, but of course, they might as well have saved their wind. The patriots would not stop till they had reached the boat, unless they were confronted by such a force as to make it impossible for them to advance.

On they ran, and the pursuers, having finally gotten through the opening in the fence, began firing again. But they were running at the same time they were firing, and were too far away to do any harm. In fact they did not take aim at all, but fired hap-hazard, with the hope of killing or wounding one or more of the fugitives.

Suddenly the patriots found themselves confronted by a couple of sentinels, who had beats along the shore of the river, and the sentinels called for them to stop, but the four paid no attention, dashing upon the two with the force of an avalanche. The sentinels had drawn their pistols, only to have them knocked from their hands as the four leaped upon them. Their guns

were discharged but their bullets did no damage.

The two sentinels were hurled to the ground, and the four patriots bounded onward, down the sloping bank of the river, and were at the point where the boat was fastened by the time the two redcoats had scrambled to their feet. And by that time the other redcoats had reached their vicinity.

The patriots cut the rope holding the boat, leaped in, and Dick and Ben seized the oars and began rowing with powerful sweeping strokes. The captain was at the tiller, and guided the boat in the direction of the sloop.

The redcoats reached the shore, and pausing, fired a number of shots at the fugitives, but they were beyond the range and of course the bullets did not hit any of them. The redcoats, realizing now that their prey was escaping, hastened along the shore and found a boat, into which they clambered and set out in pursuit of the other boat.

Seeing that they were being pursued — it was not so dark but that a boat could be seen at a distance of one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred yards — the captain altered the course of the boat, for he did not want the pursuers to know

that there was a patriot force at hand, on board a patriot vessel.

"Do you boys think you can pull away from the other boat?" the captain asked.

"I think so," replied Dick.

"All right. Row as hard as you can, and then Tom and I will take a turn."

"We are not tired yet," said Dick.

The captain had headed diagonally across the river, and partially down stream, so it was easy to force the boat through the water at a goodly pace. But it was easy for the redcoats to do the same with their boat, though they were not making much headway. The patriots' boat was gradually drawing away from the other.

"We'll soon be out of sight of the redcoats, and then we will change our course," said the captain. "Keep at it, my boys."

"We can keep this up for an hour," said Dick.

"We will be out of their sight in a few minutes."

The youths kept on rowing with all their might, and slowly the pursuing boat grew fainter and fainter to the sight, and presently could not be seen at all. The captain waited a few

minutes, till sure that there was no danger that they could be seen by the pursuers, and then altered the course, turning diagonally up-stream, and cutting across toward the farther side.

They kept on in this direction till they were perhaps half a mile farther north than the sloop, and then they turned and made their way toward the vessel, moving at a moderate rate of speed, as there was no hurry.

Presently the dark outlines of the vessel loomed up ahead of them, soon they were beside the sloop, and a few moments later they were on board.

Their comrades crowded around them, eager to hear the news. They knew that the attempt to capture Arnold had been a failure, and they wanted to hear the story.

They were quickly informed regarding the failure to capture the traitor, and expressed themselves as being greatly disappointed.

"There is a faint chance that we may be able to capture Arnold yet," said Dick.

"How is that, Dick?" queried the captain.

"Why, Arnold will go to his ship in a boat, of course, and if he should go aboard at night, we might, by lying in wait for him, succeed in

capturing him and getting him aboard this vessel."

"Do you know from what point he would take boat?" asked the captain.

"Yes. There is a boat-landing that all the boats going to and coming from warships, start from and land on, and by lying in wait near there, we might intercept Arnold's boat and capture him."

"We'll try it at any rate," said the captain. "He might go aboard his ship to-night, intending to sail early in the morning, and in that case we might be able to capture him."

CHAPTER XVI

A Daring Effort

CAPTAIN MORGAN, Dick, Tom, Ben and four other soldiers, besides two sailors at the oars, got into the boat and rowed down the Hudson till even with the lower end of the island, and then they took up their station out from the wharf about one hundred and fifty yards, where they were out of sight of the boat-landing.

Here they waited several hours, but no boat put in an appearance, and they finally came to the conclusion that Arnold was going to wait till morning to go aboard.

"I guess we may as well return to the sloop," said the captain.

"I judge it will be useless to remain here longer," agreed Dick.

The captain gave the command, then, and the sailors rowed back to the sloop, and all were soon on board.

"Do you suppose there would be any chance to capture him in the morning, Captain Morgan?" queried Dick, as they sat in the cabin, talking.

"I was just wondering about that, Dick. It would be a pretty dangerous attempt to make by daylight; but he might go aboard the ship very early, in which event it would not be much more dangerous to attempt his capture than at night."

"We might try it, sir, anyway," said Dick.

"Very well, we will do so. We will have everything in readiness here aboard the sloop, so that we can set sail quickly and escape up the river, which we will have to do quickly, no doubt."

"That will be a good plan," agreed Dick.

Then they went to bed, and got several hours' sleep, but were up before daylight. The boat was lowered, the same persons got in that went the night before, and soon they were moving toward the point where they thought they could intercept the boat that would take Arnold aboard his ship.

It was yet dark, and they sat quietly in the boat and waited and listened. Gradually it began growing light, and lighter, and presently it was possible to see the boat-landing. There was a boat there, but nobody was in it.

"It begins to look as if we are to fail in our attempt," said the captain.

"I don't know," replied Dick. "There seems to be a heavy fog coming up the bay. That may help us."

"We'll wait a little while longer, anyway."

There was indeed a dense fog, that morning, which made it possible for the boat to remain there longer without being seen from the shore or anyone on shipboard than would otherwise have been the case.

A while longer, and then a party of men were seen coming toward the boat-landing. There were ten or twelve men in the party, and it seemed likely that Arnold was one of the number, likely he was now going aboard his warship.

"We will make an attempt to capture him, anyhow," said the captain, in a low voice. "They have not noticed us yet."

The party of men got into the boat, two took the oars, and they were soon moving through the

water. The boat was headed in a course that would bring it within perhaps twenty yards of the craft the patriots were in.

The patriots sat quietly, waiting for the other boat to draw near, and hoping that the redcoats would not see them until right upon them.

Closer and closer came the boat, and when it was perhaps thirty yards distant from the boat the patriots were in, one of the redcoats discovered it.

"I think there's a boat ahead!" he exclaimed. And then added: "Ahoy, there. Who are you?"

"We have a message for General Arnold," replied Captain Morgan. "Is he in your boat?"

The fog made it impossible to distinguish the costumes of the patriots, and so the redcoats did not know that the occupants of the boat were enemies.

"Yes, General Arnold is here," replied a voice, which the captain and Dick recognized as being Arnold's own. "Hand me the message, quickly. Who is it from?"

In response to a low order from the captain, the two oarsmen were rowing one boat so that it would intercept the other, and presently the bows touched.

"The message is from General Washington," said the captain, now answering Arnold's query. "And he says for you to come with me, as he wishes to see you at West Point on important business." Then the captain said to his soldiers, sharply: "Seize the traitor, men!"

"Rebels!" cried two or three of the redcoats in unison.

But Benedict Arnold was a brave man, and was not to be taken, if he could help it. He cried quickly and sternly: "Bend to the oars, men! Pull for your lives."

The patriot soldiers caught hold of the side of the boat the redcoats were in, and held it, and a couple of them tried to seize hold of Arnold, but he fought them off, and some of the redcoats began striking the patriots, and made it difficult to get hold of the traitor.

There were angry exclamations, and the sound of blows. Then suddenly there was a rift in the fog and the great hulk of a warship was revealed to view. She did not seem to be a very great distance away. Dick, glancing toward the warship, noted that there was excitement on the deck. Men were running to and fro, and then he saw that a boat was being lowered. He told

the captain this in a low voice, and then, the redcoats having succeeded in getting their boat free from the hands of the patriots, Captain Morgan gave the command to his oarsmen to bend to the oars. He realized that it would be impossible to capture Arnold, now, for the other boat, filled with soldiers, would quickly be on the spot, and if the patriots remained they would be captured.

The two oarsmen worked with a will, and made the boat move through the water swiftly, and the redcoats, having gotten over their excitement, drew pistols at a command from Arnold, and opened fire at the patriots. Fortunately the fog had descended again but the bullets zipped in dangerous proximity, and two in the boat were hit.

"We'll see what we can do in that line," cried Captain Morgan, grimly. "Out with your pistols, men, and fire."

The soldiers obeyed, the captain and the three youths firing also. After the volley, they saw one of the redcoats sink down into the boat, and knew that they had at least wounded one of the enemy.

A few scattering shots came from the redcoats,

and were replied to by the patriots, and then the boats were out of range of each other. Then with the bow pointed toward the sloop, the boat was forced through the water as swiftly as possible.

Then suddenly a new danger confronted the brave patriots. There sounded the deep boom of a cannon, and they saw a cannon-ball strike the water not more than fifty yards distant.

"Phew! This is getting warm," murmured Captain Morgan. "It is going to be a difficult matter to make our escape."

"It looks that way, sir," said Dick.

Boom! Another cannon-shot, and the ball struck the water not twenty yards distant.

"Row for your lives, men!" cried the captain.

CHAPTER XVI

The Pursuit

THE men rowed with desperate energy, and the boat made good progress, but the cannon-balls came dropping around with considerable frequency, and some of them came closer than was pleasant. Two or three times the ball struck so close as to splash water and spray on the occupants of the boat.

The fog was rapidly disappearing now and the patriots saw sailors swarming into the rigging of the warship. Soon the sails were being shaken out and set, and the captain said:

"They are going to come in pursuit of us with the ship."

"Yes, they know the sloop is our vessel, likely," said Dick. "And they will give chase to us."

The boat reaching the side of the sloop, the patriots scrambled aboard, and fastened the boat's painter at the stern. Then the sailors hastened to set the sails, and the sloop dashed away up the river.

The vessel was a fast sailer, and the captain said to Dick that he did not believe the British warship could catch them.

"I hardly think so, sir," was the youth's reply.

The cannon sent occasional shots after the sloop, but it was out of range. The warship was now under way too, however, and was coming up the river at a pretty fast pace.

The patriots watched the pursuing vessel with considerable anxiety. If it should be able to overhaul them, they would all be captured.

It became evident, after a chase of fifteen or twenty minutes, that the warship was gaining on the sloop, but it would take it a long time to catch the fugitive vessel, if indeed it could do so at all before West Point was reached. That is if the wind held good.

The chase continued steadily, and slowly the warship drew nearer to the sloop. The cannon were still being used, and the cannon-balls began

dropping nearer the sloop. They fell short only two or three hundred yards.

Every bit of the sail was set on both vessels, and they were going at the best speed possible. There was not a strong wind, and this favored the sloop, as it took less wind for a small vessel than a large one.

It would have been a pretty sight, had it not been for the seriousness of it. The patriots aboard the sloop knew that their lives would likely pay the forfeit if the warship overtook and captured them, for they had attempted the capture of Arnold, within pistol-shot distance of the boat-landing at the lower end of New York.

Closer drew the pursuing warship, and the cannon-balls dropped nearer the sloop, each time one was fired. The last one that was fired, hit the water not twenty yards from the sloop, and this was much too close for comfort. And seeing that they were practically within range, the redcoats kept on firing steadily.

"Do you think they will follow us much farther up the river, captain?" asked Dick, who was looking thoughtfully back at the warship.

"I don't know, Dick. What do you think?"

"I have been thinking, sir, that as Arnold is

aboard that ship, he will not permit it to ascend the river many miles. He knows that he is wanted by General Washington, and will fear that he might be headed off in some manner and captured if he ventures up the river too far. It is my belief, therefore, that the ship will not pursue us much farther."

"Your reasoning seems sound, my boy," was the thoughtful reply.

"That is the way it seems to me, sir."

"I hope you are right."

They kept their eyes on the pursuing warship, and half an hour later an exclamation escaped the lips of the captain.

"They're going about!" he cried.

"Yes, they have given up the chase," said Dick.

"You were right in your sizing up of the situation, Dick. Arnold was afraid to venture far up the river, for fear of capture."

The warship turned slowly, and then sailed back in the direction of New York, and the gunners sent two or three farewell shots at the sloop, but the balls did not hit the mark, and the patriots' vessel sailed on up the Hudson in safety.

"Well, we escaped from the British," said the

captain. "But we also failed to capture Arnold."

"Yes," said Dick. "I am sorry."

"Yes, General Washington was very eager to get hold of the traitor."

"So he was. But with Arnold away down in Virginia, it will be difficult to capture him."

"You are right."

They talked a few minutes longer, and then Dick said: "Captain Morgan, I believe I will have you set me ashore here."

The captain looked surprised. "What for, Dick?" he asked.

"I have decided to return to New York."

"For what reason, my boy?"

"I have thought that perhaps the British might make some change in their plans, and if I am in New York, I may be able to learn what their plans are."

"I hardly think they will make any changes in their plans. Did you think Arnold might decide to remain in the city?"

"Yes, such was my idea. They might figure that General Washington, after this failure, would not make any further attempt to capture Arnold. In which case it would not be necessary

to send him to Virginia. Arnold acknowledged to me that it was to get him where he would not be in danger of capture that they were sending him down there. And he did not seem to like the idea of going. So he might decide to stay."

"Very well. I'll set you ashore."

Tom and Ben, as soon as they learned that Dick was going ashore, with the intention of returning to New York, wanted to accompany him, but he said no, that he would go by himself, as he could do much better spy-work alone than if the boys were with him.

So the boat was lowered and a couple of sailors with Dick got in. The sailors rowed the patriot youth ashore, and he disembarked. The two sailors said good-by to Dick, wished him luck, then rowed back to the sloop, got aboard, and as the vessel sailed on up the river, Dick was seen standing on the shore, waving his hand to Tom, Ben, the captain and his other comrades, till they were quite a ways up the river. Then he turned to enter the heavily wooded hills at his back — to find himself confronted by three rough-looking men, each of whom held a rifle in his hands, ready for instant use.

The three eyed Dick threateningly.

CHAPTER XVII

Washington Is Disappointed

THE sloop sailed on up to West Point, and Captain Morgan went at once to headquarters, to make his report to the commander-in-chief.

"I am sorry to have to report, your excellency, that the expedition has been a failure."

A disappointed look crossed the commander-in-chief's face. "Then you did not capture Arnold," he said.

"No, general. Dick Dare had laid plans which seemed feasible, but as you know they were spoiled by Arnold suddenly changing his room from the building he and Dick were in, to the headquarters building. And, too, he was suddenly ordered by the British commander-in-chief to go aboard a warship and sail for Virginia.

He wanted Dick to go with him, and the youth to avoid having to go aboard the ship, slipped out of the window and managed to get away, though given a hard chase."

"Well, I am sorry to hear that the plan was a failure. Of course, I know that Dick Dare and you and the rest of the party did your best."

"Yes, sir, indeed we did that. We made an attempt to capture Arnold as he was going aboard his ship early this morning, but did not succeed," and then the captain told the story of the encounter between the boats, and the chase of the sloop by the warship.

"You took big chances in attempting to capture Arnold under such circumstances," said Washington, shaking his head. "You were lucky to escape capture."

"Yes, so I think, sir. Dick Dare suggested when the warship was chasing us that it would not ascend the river very far, as Arnold was on board, and would be afraid that in some manner he might be headed off and it turned out that he was right, for the warship did not keep the chase up many miles, but put about and sailed back down toward New York."

"I judge that Arnold would not care to come

up very near to West Point," said the general. "By the way, where is Dick Dare?"

"I set him ashore after the British warship turned back, sir."

"Why did you do that?"

"It was his wish. He said he would return to New York for further information respecting the movements of Arnold and the British army. He thought it possible that, now that a plot to capture Arnold had been discovered and had failed, that Arnold might remain in the city, instead of going to Virginia."

"That was a good idea of Dick's. I hope that he learns that Arnold has given up his idea of going to Virginia. Then we can try another plan for the traitor's capture."

"True, sir."

Then Washington summoned the members of his staff and told them the news. They were greatly disappointed, for they had hoped that the plan to capture the traitor would result successfully.

"So Arnold is going to Virginia to take charge of the campaign in the South, is he?" remarked one of the officers. "Well, if he shows the same dashing bravery that he dis-

played when an officer in the patriot army, he will be an efficient commander."

"Arnold was a brave officer, and strong in battle," said General Washington, a sad look on his face. "No one can doubt his bravery, or fighting abilities."

"What if Dick Dare discovers that Arnold is not going to Virginia?" asked another officer.

"Then we will begin laying plans for his capture," was the reply. "I am going to capture him, if possible, and punish him for turning traitor to his country."

"I hope that he stays in New York, then," said another. "If he does, we may be able to capture him, after all."

"Yes," said the commander-in-chief. "I shall await the return of Dick Dare with the latest news."

Then they fell to discussing the matter with considerable interest, and Captain Morgan was asked many questions, which he answered promptly. And he told in detail of the adventures of himself and his men in New York and on the river in the boat. And when the officers had heard all, they complimented the captain, and said he had done exceedingly well

and was worthy as was his small command, of all praise.

"We did the best we could," said the captain, modestly. "We were eager to capture Arnold, but were unable to do so."

After a little further discussion of matters relating to the conducting of the war, the members of the staff dispersed, and Washington was left alone.

He looked thoughtfully at the floor for quite a while, and then murmuring, "I hope that Dick may learn that Arnold is to remain in New York," he began looking over some papers.

CHAPTER XVIII

In New York

DICK DARE was taken considerably by surprise when he found himself confronted by the three rough looking men. They had crept up on him so silently that he had not heard them. These were indeed troublesome times and life and liberty was always in jeopardy.

He did not show any signs of alarm, however, but looked them over a few moments, and then said: "Who are you, men?"

"That's just what we were going to ask you," replied one.

"I go by the name of Murray, and I live up the river a few miles. Now, who are you, and what do you want?"

"We want you, I guess."

"Why?"

"Because, ye're a rebel, that's why."

"What makes you think I'm a rebel?" innocently laughing.

"Because you are. We saw you come ashore off from that rebel sloop, a little while ago."

"How do you know that was a rebel sloop?" Dick asked, still smiling.

"'Cause we do. We know that sloop come down from West Point, and that there's some rebels on board it."

"Well, I'm not a rebel," said Dick. "That's the reason I came to the shore."

"Humph. Thet'll do to tell." There was decision in this utterance, still it was clear that the argument was having some effect.

"It's the truth."

"We don't think so, and so we're goin' to make you a prisoner and take you down to New York. I think that General Clinton will be glad to see you, young fellow."

"I don't see why he should be."

"Well, he will be glad to see you, 'cause ye're a rebel, and likely a spy."

"You are mistaken."

"Thet remains to be seen. We'll take ye down to New York an' resk it, anyhow."

"See here," said Dick. "You would be foolish to do anything like that. I am on my way home, and you have no right to stop me. Stand aside and permit me to pass."

The three shook their heads and made a gesture as if to bring their muskets to bear. The leader and spokesman said:

"We're not going to let you go, 'cause we saw you come off from that rebel sloop. We are going to take you prisoner, so you had better surrender quietly, and peaceably. If you don't it will be the worse for you."

Dick, however, had no intention of doing anything of the kind. He was merely waiting to decide on his mode of resistance. He was by this time a pretty good judge of character, and he determined in this instance to try the effect of a bribe.

"See here," he said, "I'm looking for some helpers in an enterprise that promises great reward. How would you men like to make some five shillings each day?"

This was a considerable sum in those days, but he had been provided with money for any emergencies, besides he felt that he would have little chance in a contest where the odds were

three to one. He noticed that the men were all well armed.

"There is reason in that argument," said the larger of the men, "let's see the coin."

"If you will put down your guns," said Dick, "I will arrange a bargain. You place your shooting arms on that flat stone, where you are standing, and move away, say fifty feet. Then I'll put the fifteen shillings on the same stone, and go away an equal distance. Then you can go up and examine the money. If it is alright the contract is complete. If I don't treat you fairly, you can easily shoot me down at that distance."

The men consulted among themselves, speaking in low tones. Here was a chance to acquire some cash. They could readily make some false claim about the money, order Dick to stand, and make him prisoner.

Then they would have the money for themselves, and the credit of capturing a prisoner as well. The youth felt sure this was the programme they had mapped out.

"Alright," called one of the men, after an interval. "You seem of the likely sort. We will trust you. Here goes." Saying which, he

deposited his gun, as did the others, and started off.

"Hold on," said Dick, "you have forgotten something."

"What is that?"

"Your pistols."

With a sheepish look, one of the men put upon the rock the article mentioned. The others stated and showed by motions, that they had none about their person. Now all three walked away the proposed distance. Dick, meantime, had counted out the promised cash. He walked to the rock, and deposited the money. Immediately the three men started toward the spot.

"Halt," cried Dick, grasping a gun, and pointing it menacingly in the direction of his would be captors, "come a step nearer at your peril."

"It's a trick," cried one.

"Not at all, my men. I shall do my part. The money is there, but for protection, and as an equivalent, I am going to take away your guns. If you follow me while I am in sight, you will take the consequences."

The men found that their scheme to get the money and the prisoner as well, had miscarried,

and they showed their chagrin by sheepish looks, but there was no redress. Dick carried away their armament, and when at a considerable distance, he was certain that he was not being followed, he plunged into a heavily wooded section, and changed the direction of his course. After traveling eastward, for a distance, he came upon a crossroads, and there in the thick shrubbery, where he could readily find them again, he secreted the guns. He was glad to be rid of their cumbersome weight.

He continued on now till he was within about three miles of the city, and then he stopped in an old cabin, to wait till nightfall before proceeding into the city.

At last darkness came, and Dick set out. He went over by the East River, as he believed that there were not so many sentinels on that side of the town, and after a while managed to slip past the outpost and get into the city.

He made his way to the tavern that was kept by the patriot, and asked him if he knew whether or not Arnold had really sailed for Virginia, as he had intended to do.

"Yes," was the reply. "After the ship returned from chasing the sloop on which, I

presume, you were, it stopped only a little while, and then set sail for Virginia."

"Thank you for the information," said Dick. "Now I will leave the city and go up to West Point and give General Washington this information." And the news he was to carry was to change the field of his own activities, also of his brother Tom, of Ben and of the others of his company, as the reader of the "Dare Boys in Virginia" will have opportunity to learn. Hardly need one say, where the Dare Boys are concerned, there will be excitement and adventure worthy of record.

When Dick reached the outposts, he exercised great care, and succeeded in slipping through the line of sentinels, and then he walked onward at a rapid pace. When he reached a familiar spot, he gathered together his arsenal, the three captured guns, and carried them down to the river. There he began a search for a boat. Finally he found one and getting into it, with his plunder, he took the oars, rowed out into the stream and once headed toward the camp at West Point.

It was a hard pull, and took Dick pretty much all night, but he finally arrived at the patriot

headquarters opposite West Point, and went there to make his report.

General Washington had finished breakfast, and greeted Dick cordially when the youth was shown into his private room.

"So you got back, Dick," he said. "And what is the news? Did Arnold go to Virginia, or did he give up the trip after the attempt to capture him had failed?"

"He has gone, sir," replied Dick.

"Ah, then that makes it impossible for us to capture him, at least while he remains away from this part of the country."

"So I should judge, your excellency."

"Well, I thank you for getting the information for me, Dick. You have done remarkably well."

Then after asking a few more questions, the commander-in-chief dismissed Dick, who went over to West Point, and was given a lively greeting by his comrades.

"It didn't take you long to find out about Arnold," said Tom.

"No," said Dick. "I went to the tavern that is kept by that patriot friend of mine, and he gave me the information, and I came back at once."

"Did you have any adventures, Dick?" asked Fritz.

"Oh, three Tories tried to make me a prisoner," said Dick, "but I managed to get away after capturing their guns."

Then he told the story of his encounter with the three ruffians on the bank of the river.

"You have the most adventures of anybody," said Tom.

"Well, he does spy-work, which is the most dangerous work to be done in war times," said Ben.

"Sure an' it's mesilf would loike to have some av thim advintures, an' thot's a fact," said Tim Murphy.

And Tom and Ben said the same. But they had plenty of fighting and adventures before the war was ended.

THE END